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THE OPPOSITION.

IT has been observed with reasonable satisfaction by Conservative journalists that, although their party suffered at the late election a reverse even more overwhelming than that undergone by the Liberals in 1874, the blow has been met in a spirit very different from that which the Liberals showed in their hour of defeat. The Conservatives have not been smitten with that dismay which swept over the Liberal ranks after a general election had gone against them. On the contrary, they seem in high, if not boisterous, spirits, and appear to enjoy being in a minority, as Mr. KINGSLEY used to say he enjoyed being out in a good bitter east wind. It is also noticed that this Conservative alacrity takes the form of free invective, hard hitting, and general aggressiveness. There also seems to be less stringency of party discipline than there used to be in the Conservative ranks, and every enterprising Conservative considers himself entitled to fight his own battle in his own way. In Parliament, to draw Mr. GLADSTONE if possible, or, if not, to bait his colleagues, to denounce every Ministerial measure, and to retard the acceptance of every Ministerial proposal; out of Parliament, to sting with epigrams or overbear with declamation, and to attack violently for the mere sake of attacking—these are the arts by which the more effervescent Conservatism now seeks to conquer and to hold the world of political life. This new attitude is not very difficult to explain. It may be said to be the tardy, but necessary, result of the Reform Bill of 1867. The electoral body then created took some years to develop its strength and to form or reveal its character, and it also took some years for politicians to understand what this body was like. The secret has been disclosed that the new electors can be won over in a mass, and that they can be won over by having very strong statements and very abusive language constantly dinned into their ears. No Conservative can be blind to the fact that the electors who six years ago gave them a majority of sixty gave their opponents this year a majority twice as great, and that the most prominent instrument of success was a constant outpouring of denunciation and abuse. The throwing of oratorical dead-cats at opponents has become at once the pastime and the machinery of political opponents. The Conservatives who invented the democracy of 1867 are now disposed to fall in with its humours. They are in good spirits, for rapidity of change in opinion may tell for them as well as against them; and they abuse because they see that to have abused is to have succeeded. Conservatives of this new school consider the stately composure of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and the patient reserve, interrupted by bursts of epigram and invective, which marked the career of Lord BEACONSFIELD, alike out of date. They have become alive to the true imperative needs of every democracy—organization and exaggeration. They have learnt a lesson from their adversaries, who anticipated them in the discovery of what the democracy required; and, although they have not as yet the Parliamentary standing, the force, or the experience of their chief teachers, they take very kindly to their task, and proficiency will probably come with practice.

The creation of the new democracy coincided with a vast spread of education, with the development of the means of

communication, and an increasing pressure of population, accompanied by a rising standard of comfort. Democracy may mean almost anything, and varies in character with time and country; but in modern England democracy means the possession of political power by people who can read, who can move about, and who find it equally desirable and difficult to live comfortably. Those who cannot read have children who can; and nothing is more singular in the present day than the spectacle of a generation growing up which is a stranger in its thoughts to its own parents, and there must be some relaxation of parental control when the father and mother regard their children with distant awe and admiration. Before long the whole democracy will be more or less educated, in the sense that it will be able to read, partially to understand, and unreservedly to swear by a penny paper. Those who have attained to this intellectual height will be possessed with the fixed idea that they ought to have a subsistence commensurate with their mental dignity. But this democracy will necessarily grow up under the protecting shadow of the old social life of England, and the strength of the Conservatives lies in their power to modify the character of the democracy by social influences deeply rooted in the nation and ingrained in its character and history. But in ordinary life, and as politicians, they will be impelled or tempted to try to work a democracy as they think a democracy must be worked. Every democracy loves association, and people will rather go about with drums and flags as members of a Band of Hope than not go about at all. To be grouped somehow is the natural impulse of those who feel that without grouping they are helpless units, and people love so much to be grouped somehow that they are willing to enter into a Liberal group or a Conservative group according as one or the other is the first to invite their adhesion. Before long every electoral body will have political groups enough offered to it, and it will like to find in abuse and exaggeration the equivalent of the drums and flags which gladden the proceedings of Teetotallers and Foresters. A Conservative and a Liberal organization will confront each other with solid and unsparing defiance, and a Conservative club with granite pillars up to its second story will eclipse a Liberal club that has only got granite up to its first-floor. A constituency will become at once a rigidly grouped and a reading body. It will, of course, demand speeches, for local life is apt to be dull, and men love the bustle, the glare, and the noise of a gathering; and the voice of an eloquent man who seems to mean what he says can never lose its charm for mankind. But the ground for the speaking will have been prepared by the reading, and what men read every day must affect them more than what they hear occasionally. One consequence may be that the scene of battle will be more and more transferred from Parliament to the constituencies. There is even a danger, if obstruction goes on increasing, that Parliament may be looked on as a cumbrous machinery for disappointing the electors. And as the reading of Parliamentary speeches is, for the most part, dull work, and a politician apprehends that his speech may be skipped, it is beginning to be a common practice now for leading politicians to prefer a better vehicle of publicity, and to communicate their wisdom through the medium of a magazine. Parliament thus becomes looked on

as a second-rate vehicle for imparting instruction, while, at the same time, it is looked on as a most imperfect contrivance for getting anything done.

It is by no means certain as yet whether the experience of the last election can be taken as decisive of the character of the new democracy. The general sweeping round to the Liberal side may have been a new proof of inherent fickleness, or it may have been the beginning of a movement that, with intermissions, may last for years. It is quite possible that abuse may have suited the public taste at one moment, and may lose its spell at another. Abuse, even if justified by preceding abuse from the other side, is apt to become stale and wearisome. It is difficult to guess whether this will be so or not; for, although the exaggerations of party invective on either side may seem to calmer minds wearisome and futile, it must be borne in mind that readers of penny fiction never show themselves wearied of the eternal story in which there is a wicked baronet, a ruined countess, and a dozen murders. Still, in the long run, it may be anticipated that a reading, organized democracy, desirous of rising in the world, is more likely to lean to Liberalism than to Conservatism; and it would be too much to expect that this predominating tendency, although it may be retarded in its display, can be permanently reversed by the most vigorous Conservative organization, or by the most copious Conservative invective. But, however certain it may be that the native tendencies of a democracy will sooner or later have their way, the circumstances under which these tendencies are developed will materially affect their ultimate bearing. A democracy is only a name for a great number of living persons all open to innumerable influences, and only gradually assuming any fixed novelty of character. The democracy will grow up, not only under the influence of abusive and organizing Conservatives and abusive and organizing Liberals, but also under that of moderate Conservatives and moderate Liberals. There is no reason to suppose that, within any time which it is necessary to forecast, the mild, gentlemanlike, unassuming Conservatism of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, or the sagacious, temperate Liberalism of Lord HARTINGTON, will have become things of the past. Rank, education, and courtesy tell every hour in some subtle way on the habits and feelings of a country of which they have got a hold, perpetuated by the long traditions of countless families among the poor as well as among the rich. The tactics and the energy of the newer Conservatism will probably affect the general position of the party, because they are in harmony with some of the circumstances in which it finds itself; but it is very unlikely that they will greatly alter its character, or permanently change its relation to the country.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

THE death of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has elicited many tributes to his memory, which, with due allowance for natural kindliness of feeling, produce a just impression of his character. With the possible exception of Lord MANSFIELD, none of his predecessors have excelled him in brilliancy of intellect and variety of accomplishment. As a judge he can scarcely be placed on a level with Lord ELLENBOROUGH, or with his immediate predecessor Lord CAMPBELL. Even KENTON and TENTERDEN were sounder lawyers, perhaps because they had not dissipated their energies in pursuit of any other branch of knowledge. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN would probably have attained a still higher reputation if his promotion to the Bench had occurred some years later. There was a comparatively short interval between his advance to the front rank of his profession and his unwilling retirement from the Bar. When he was Attorney-General, he contended on equal terms with THESIGER and KELLY; but he never attained the pre-eminent position which was at that time held by BETHELL at the Equity Bar. Before he became a Law Officer, COCKBURN was compelled on the Western Circuit to acknowledge the superiority in success, if not in merit, of CROWDER, the most commonplace of advocates, and afterwards a respectable Puisne judge. When the rivals entered Parliament together, their relative position at the Bar was so well known, that the Ministerial managers applied in the first instance to Mr. CROWDER to hold a political brief for Lord PAL-

MERSTON in the famous PACIFICO debate. It was only on Mr. CROWDER's refusal, in consequence of well-founded distrust of his own powers, that Mr. COCKBURN obtained and used the opportunity which at one step raised him to Parliamentary and professional rank. His speech was necessarily that of an advocate using materials supplied by others; but, a born orator, with his style polished by literary training, he was able at once to discard forensic mannerism and to satisfy the critical taste of the House of Commons. His graceful recognition of the "consular rank" of Sir ROBERT PEEL was not expressed in the technical phrase of a mere lawyer. When he sat down at the end of his speech his political fortune was made, though during his stay in the House of Commons he never rose above the ordinary level of party. If circumstances had not afterwards induced him to decline the offer of a peerage, he might perhaps in the House of Lords have succeeded to the mantle of LYNDEHURST, though he would have been on the opposite side. If he was not so great a master of sarcasm, his eloquence was more ornate, and he would have emulated his predecessor's exemption from narrow prejudice.

Of his own contemporaries at the Bar, the competitor whom he most resembled was perhaps Lord CHELMSFORD. Both COCKBURN and THESIGER possessed singularly musical voices, and they both excelled in the luminous and suggestive statement of complicated facts. If Lord CHELMSFORD had been a Common Law judge, he would probably have exhibited on the Bench the same powers which had raised him to eminence at the Bar; but in variety of accomplishment and in range of intellect COCKBURN was greatly superior. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was the most persuasive of judges in summing-up to juries; and his rhetorical skill was always devoted to the purpose of securing the verdict which he deemed to be just. Defeated litigants sometimes resent too ostentatious an interference with the discretion of juries; but it is not perhaps desirable that a judge should conceal his own strong conviction. A more serious drawback to judicial perfection was a habit of inclining to one of the parties before a case was fully heard. The CHIEF JUSTICE was always ready to correct his first impression, with the result of occasionally going too far in the opposite direction. In one of the protracted trials which become every day more frequent two opposing counsel, both afterwards eminent judges, remarked to their friends, in successive stages of the case, on the bias which the CHIEF JUSTICE was showing, not against the respective parties, but in their favour. He had assumed that the plaintiff was in the right until he heard the defence; and the discovery that there was a strong plausible case on the other side seemed to take him by surprise. Both parties in turn feared that the jury might, to the detriment of their respective clients, be tempted to counteract the apparent prejudice of the judge. He had also the weakness of liking to display his remarkable gifts. In cases which attracted popular attention he was intentionally and consciously eloquent, with the result of giving his enemies an excuse for calling him a "play-actor." His copious oratory and his rapidity of perception were among many causes of the intolerable duration of some notorious trials. If he would have abstained under strong provocation from interruption, the scandalous TICHBORE trial would not have wasted the time of three judges for a year. Lord CAMPBELL would have finished the inquiry in a month, and Lord ELLENBOROUGH in a week. Two octavo volumes devoted to the report of a summing up are not a triumph of judicial efficiency. The analysis, in the CHIEF JUSTICE's polished style and in his silver voice, of the characters and motives of the parties to the conspiracy, of their victims, and of the witnesses, reminded some of the audience of passages from Sir Charles Grandison delivered by an accomplished reader.

Some foibles may be pardoned in a man of rare ability whose career was on the whole signalized by generosity and by public spirit. Unlike many eminent lawyers, Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was from his youth conspicuous and successful in general society. The son of a French mother, and of a father who as a diplomatist resided much abroad, he was an accomplished linguist, speaking three Continental languages, and he was also an elegant scholar. He wrote as fluently and gracefully as he spoke; and his occasional pamphlets displayed the same qualities with his more elaborate judgments. There was a difference of opinion as to the expediency of his published reply to the

iniquitous judgment of his colleagues in the *Alabama* arbitration; but, although it might be prudent to acquiesce in an authoritative decision, many of his countrymen felt grateful to the English arbitrator for his exposure of the monstrous perversion of justice to which, but for his protest, he might have been deemed a party. He was not less sincere, and almost equally forcible, in his attack on the Judicature Bill; but the balance of authority was against him, and experience of the working of the new system is still incomplete. His advanced age, though he had few of its infirmities, may probably account for the troublesome opposition which he offered to the introduction of the Criminal Code. His dislike of the proposed change had the negative merit of being disinterested, for simplification of the law tends to diminish the labour of judges.

The inconvenience which has arisen from the want of a sufficient staff of judges at Westminster will be greatly increased if the existing vacancies are not immediately filled. It is generally understood that the office of Chief Baron is to be suppressed; and the Government has now the opportunity of effecting a further reduction. There is no practical reason for retaining chiefs or presidents of the three Common Law divisions, which indeed might be conveniently abolished; but there are many advantages in the existence of a dignitary who may represent the whole Common Law department. If the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is promoted to the rank of Lord Chief Justice of England, two ordinary judges may be appointed in the place of Sir FITZROY KELLY and Lord COLERIDGE. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL may probably have understood, when the Government was formed, that any customary claim attached to the office must give way to general judicial arrangements which might for public reasons be thought desirable. There is no reason to suppose that either of the Law Officers wishes to leave the Bar, and it is nearly certain that neither of them would be tempted by the offer of a Puisne judgeship. In and out of Parliament there will be found a sufficient number of competent candidates, and the LORD CHANCELLOR will not be inclined to deviate from the laudable modern custom of making promotions to the Bench without regard to politics. It is unfortunately but too probable that one or more additional vacancies may occur before long, as some of the judges are known to be in feeble health, though only one of the number is far advanced in years. Lord COLERIDGE, though he is in almost all respects unlike Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, would do no discredit to the high office which awaits a successor. It may be inferred from the letter addressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR to the late CHIEF JUSTICE that in any changes which may be thought expedient there will be no unnecessary disruption of ancient traditions. As the Common Law Courts are to have a principal judge, it will be far better that he should be called Lord Chief Justice than that he should be designated by some arbitrary nickname.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

THE debate in the Prussian Chamber on the Jews, and on the fierce enmity to which they are now exposed, excited the keenest interest, offered an opportunity of everything being said for or against the Jews that came to hand, and disclosed the deep passions which the question excites, but was chiefly remarkable on account of the attitude assumed by the Government. Only one Minister spoke, and all he had to say was that the Government did not contemplate proposing any legislative changes to the prejudice of the Jews. On the social persecution to which the Jews are exposed the Government had nothing to say. Those who hate the Jews and those who accept them as inevitable must be left to fight out their quarrel. This was virtually to countenance what is known as the anti-Semitic movement. The Court and the Government give the prevailing tone to German society, and if Court and Government have nothing to say in the way of rebuke to this strange movement, every German will at once infer that they regard it, if not with complacency, at least without disapproval. What there was to say on behalf, not so much of the Jews as of ignoring that Jews are Jews, cannot have much interest for Englishmen. To us, all the arguments that Jews, like all other subjects of the Crown, are to be treated fairly and allowed to do the best for themselves in a free competition, are mere commonplaces. What English-

men will seek to gather, if possible, from the report of the debate is the secret of this German fury against the Jews. Why should Germany so deeply resent Jewish success and Jewish power? Unhappily, the speeches of the enemies of the Jews only reveal this secret in a very imperfect manner, and we must gather it rather from hints than statements. No doubt, one main ground of the feeling entertained towards the Jews is mere jealousy of success. The Germans are mortified to find Jews everywhere, and everywhere doing well. They make more money, and are sharper in making it, than the Germans; they understand big commerce and little commerce; they manipulate State loans, and they lend money to little proprietors; and they force themselves on in the special callings of the educated classes. The chief speaker on the Anti-Jewish side, the Court Preacher, who is the principal author of the crusade, ended his speech with a lively picture of what had lately happened on the occasion of a post-mortem examination. The corpse was the corpse of a German, but all the living persons present were Jews. The physician was a Jew, the surgeon was a Jew, the lawyer was a Jew, and the attendant official was a Jew. Unless this was a mere accident, it is, no doubt, a remarkable fact. There are only 400,000 Jews in all Germany; and if, out of so small a number, there can be found men not only to dominate in big and in small commerce, but to command a preponderance in the learned professions, the Jews of Germany must be a very able set of men. But it is not only the success of the Jews that awakens jealousy; the vices or faults that accompany the success stir the flame of anger. It would be marvellous if the Jews alone of men flushed with new success were not tainted with the faults which all other men in such a position have exhibited. They have, as their leading defender allowed, the habitual defects of *parvenus*. They are arrogant, ostentatious, often vulgar, bustling, and obtrusive. And in the country districts they behave as small land-grabbers are wont to behave in all countries. They take the utmost advantage of the law, are hard creditors and bad masters, if to exact all his rights makes the master bad. The feeling of the Germans in the country districts towards the Jews appears not unlike the feeling of the Irish towards landowners who are at once small and new.

But neither jealousy of success, nor dislike of vulgar ostentation, nor harsh exercise of legal rights seems to take us to the bottom of this German hatred of the Jews. What it may, perhaps, be really compared with is the feeling of the Californians towards the Chinese. California may be taken as the place where this feeling has shown itself in the most active form; but there are many other places, American and English, where a strong dislike of the Chinese has rooted itself in a large section of the population. The Chinese are most useful in new countries; they succeed where men of European descent fail; they underbid and triumph over the ordinary labourer of the country. They are, no doubt, disliked by those whom they outbid, simply because they outbid them. But the peculiarly bitter feeling of the Californians towards the Chinese springs from causes much more profound than the trade dislike of being undersold. The Chinese are not only hated, but feared. This fear is the fear, not of the terrible, but of the uncanny. The Chinese are a nation within a nation, an isolated group living in its own world, foreigners who not only fail to assimilate themselves with the old inhabitants, but who cohere strongly among themselves. An American has no sort of objection to a foreigner as such, and no prejudice of race or religion against any one who will help him to make money. But he feels grievously put out by the presence of foreigners in his midst who not only are aliens in religion and race, but who keep apart from him and his world, and have an organized, self-sufficing, impenetrable world of their own. Wise and liberal men in the comfortable centres of American civilization often deplore this antipathy towards people who break no laws, give no cause for offence, and contribute by their indefatigable industry to the wealth of the country. But, in spite of wise and liberal words, those who have the feeling of antipathy continue to feel it. In the same way, when we ask, not how the Germans ought to feel towards the Jews, but how they actually do feel, we find them face to face with their Chinese. The little successful and arrogant Jewish world within the German world shocks and alarms them. It is not so much because the Jews do not accept the New

Testament, or because they are not Caucasians, or because they are clever and sometimes successful, that the Jews are feared and disliked in Germany; but because they form a perpetual, closely-cemented clique of foreigners, a clique into which there is no entrance for outsiders, and yet which never decays. And what moves the patriotic German to extreme wrath more than anything else is that this clique not only pushes forward its conquering hand into every sphere of German life, but actually has the audacity to tell Germans what they ought to do and to think. No charge against the Jews seems to have been thought by their opponents so telling as that they have got a great part of the German press into their hands.

In time, as ample experience proves, such faults as the Jews may now exhibit in Germany would pass away, if not entirely, yet in a tolerable measure. They would cease to be newly rich, and would grow ashamed of vulgar ostentation. They would be received among older landowners, and would adopt the tone of an old landed society. They would stick to each other, and yet mix freely and pleasantly with the German world. England is perhaps hardly a fair instance to take, for the Jews here are only about one-tenth of the German Jews. But in France the number of Jews is about equal to the number of Jews in Germany, and in France the Jews give no offence. There must be causes in the position of Germans as well as in the nature and habits of Jews to account for the German hatred of these terrible Semitic people. These causes are not, perhaps, far to seek. Germany is at once a very old country and a very new one. It is the seat of an ancient civilization, but has been so devastated by war and so enfeebled by intestine divisions that it can even now scarcely believe that it exists. There are three salient features in the Germans of the present day. They are class-ridden; they are poor in proportion to their place in Europe; and they are timid, not of course physically, but morally and socially. The rigid distinction between noble and non-noble is the product of their old and peculiar civilization. Their poverty and their timidity are the products of their calamities and their divisions. To dwell on these special characteristics of their present state would be most unjust in a general sketch, unless due prominence were also given to the other great qualities of the race—its patience, its industry, its intellectual fearlessness, its emotional vivacity, its loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the State. But, in speaking of the German hatred of the Jews, it is only necessary to dwell on peculiarities which cause or intensify this hatred. The dislike of the vulgar *parvenu* is sure to be excessively strong in a society where there is a very large, a very poor, and a very dominant nobility. The comparative poverty of the Germans opens the field for those who have got money to lay out alike on the biggest speculation or the humblest usury. The habitual timidity of the Germans makes them very much afraid of anything of which they are afraid at all. They live in an atmosphere of panic as to what the Court will do, as to when Prince BISMARCK will retire from the scene, as to what the POPE will order, as to what France or Russia may be plotting. It is extraordinary how the faintest adverse rumour will flatter a people which ten years ago performed some of the greatest military feats recorded in history, which is armed to the teeth, and is supposed to be without a rival in the arts of war. The Germans who are proudest of Germany seem always to be surprised that there is a Germany to be proud of. In time, if things go well, all this will be changed. There will be greater equality of classes; there will be increased wealth; there will be more assured confidence. But this is only saying that, if the relations of the Germans to the Jews become what they ought to be, it is the Germans, as well as the Jews, who will have undergone a change.

IRELAND.

SOME of the GRACCHI of the Liberal party, *de seditione quarerentes*, have the effrontery to affect surprise and anger at Lord SALISBURY'S denunciation of the Irish policy of the Government. The stump orators of last winter hold that the most lenient construction ought to be put on the acts of responsible Ministers. It is, in truth, often a doubtful question whether it is expedient to give public

expression to strong feelings and positive opinions. If Lord SALISBURY had, like the majority of his late colleagues, reserved himself for discussion in Parliament, his silence would have been intelligible; but it is not surprising that he should prefer the opposite course of attempting to rally the Conservative party after its heavy disaster. In his latest speech Lord SALISBURY referred but slightly to the foreign policy of the Government, professing, by a conventional fiction, to think that Mr. GLADSTONE is ostensibly continuing the policy of his predecessors. It would be difficult to fix the attention of an English audience on the tedious affair of Dalcigno, or indeed on any other subject than the social war which has been allowed to spread over a large part of Ireland. Lord SALISBURY was fully justified in his assertion that some members of the Government sympathize with the objects, though not with the methods, of the Land League. It is also true that the whole Cabinet tolerates a state of ruinous anarchy, because the exertion of necessary vigour would cause a certain amount of party embarrassment. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have obtained a temporary triumph over their moderate colleagues, some of whom are, in the odd phrase of the Gladstonizing *Standard*, deficient in loyalty to their chief. It was but right that Lord SALISBURY should expose, among other fallacies, Mr. BRIGHT'S reckless statement that Irish distress is to be attributed to the great extent of land which is owned by single proprietors. It is notorious that the harshest landlords are the small purchasers in the Landed Estates Court, not by their own fault, but because petty capitalists cannot afford to be profusely generous. It may be true that on some large estates the tenantry have been indirectly impoverished by the laxity of absentee proprietors in permitting undue subdivision. The same class has encouraged the clamour for fixity of tenure by demanding low rents which give the occupier a beneficial interest in the soil. Mr. BRIGHT'S hatred of a landed aristocracy is one of the causes which prevent him from recognizing the grave responsibility incurred by Ministers who, for their own supposed convenience, allow for a month, a week, or a day, prolonged impunity to the worst of tyrannies. The Birmingham meeting, and the submission of the majority of the Cabinet to the extreme faction, have since received more instructive comments than even Lord SALISBURY'S sarcastic speech. Two or three murders, several sentences of social excommunication, and not a few outrages have been perpetrated, all of which might perhaps have been prevented if the Ministers had not refused a fortnight ago to summon Parliament for the purpose of obtaining extraordinary powers.

A part of the case which is common to the Irish landlords and to the English nation as it is interested in the connexion with Ireland is ably expounded in a pamphlet published by the Irish Land Committee under the title of *Confiscation or Contract*. The writer, who is said to be Dr. WEBB of Trinity College, calls attention to Mr. DEASY'S Land Act of 1860, which has not been sufficiently noticed in recent discussions. "By the 'primary provision of that statute it is 'enacted that 'the relation of landlord and tenant shall be deemed to 'be founded on the express or implied contract of the 'parties, and not on tenure or service.' The relation 'shall be deemed to subsist in all cases in which there 'shall be an agreement by one party to hold land from 'or under another in consideration of any rent.'" The exclusive validity of contracts was partially limited by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Act of 1870. So far as small tenants were in case of eviction allowed compensation for disturbance, a practical right of tenure was created. The author of the Bill repeatedly protested against the assumption that he gave the occupier any property in the land; but the fruitful germ of further encroachments on the rights of landowners was included in the new enactment. As the writer of the pamphlet forcibly contends, the institution of landlords cannot be abolished by Act of Parliament, though one proprietor may be arbitrarily substituted for another. The security enjoyed by small landlords is illustrated by the case of a man who let his property of forty acres to two or three tenants while he earned his own livelihood in another occupation. Returning at last with a small pension, he resumed possession of a part of his land, and he was immediately murdered. Mr. BRIGHT himself will scarcely refer the crime to the English Conquest, or even to the vicious consequences of primogeniture and entail. Judge LONGFIELD of the Landed

Estates Court, in a passage quoted in the pamphlet, expresses a confident opinion that the subdivision of Irish land into small freeholds would largely increase the number of agrarian murders. Nevertheless theorists and amateurs refuse to punish or to prevent crime and outrage until they have tried fanciful experiments which in their judgment might perhaps gradually diminish the temptation to kill, to torture, and to rob. It is not even thought necessary to devise a definite remedy for the supposed defects of Irish land tenure. The purport of the Birmingham speeches was that force ought not to be employed until the grievances of the Irish tenantry were redressed. Whether their assumed grievances were susceptible of cure was a secondary question.

Under the Act of 1870, as in all other schemes of legislation, the indispensable condition of occupancy was payment of rent; and it will be difficult for the most reckless projectors, except indeed the shameless demagogues of the Land League, to contrive any mode of exempting the tenant from the obligation which would be created equally by tenure or by contract. Yet it is against rent, as such, that the agitators and assassins are directing their efforts. The speakers at the meetings sometimes allow the tenants to tender the amount of GRIFFITH'S valuation, though they treat a standard established for a wholly different purpose only as a *maximum*, and not as a uniform rule. The leaders have lately declared that the Land League branch in each district must fix the amount or proportion of rent, if any, which is to be paid. If, as might well have been the case, the Government valuation had been higher than the average rent, it would have been universally and rightly disregarded. It is obvious that if the debtor, or a self-appointed tribunal acting in the interest of the debtor, can repudiate the contract of tenancy and fix an arbitrary rent, he is equally entitled to reduce his present offer by one-half, or to withhold payment altogether. Fixity of tenure, accompanied by a valuation of land and a rent settled by Act of Parliament, would in no degree affect the operations or the doctrines of the Land League. If every tenant in Ireland were endowed with perpetual possession at half his former rent, he would be quite as well disposed as at present to refuse payment to the landlord, and to maltreat the person and the live stock of a neighbour more honest than himself. Even if the wild project of a State purchase of the land and of a demise to the occupier at a rent including a Sinking Fund were to be tried, the Government would be at the mercy of the seditious clubs which would not fail to dissuade the occupier from payment of tribute to an alien Government. The honour of the Irish peasant is a frail security, though he is possibly not more dishonest by nature than members of the same class in other countries. The peculiarity of his condition is that he is habitually guided by adventurers of the basest kind.

LORD SALISBURY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE are about to deliver additional speeches; but, on the whole, the interests of the country would at present be most effectually served by leaving the Liberal majority to itself. An attack always in a certain sense facilitates defence by furnishing materials for criticism or for retaliation. Public attention may be more advantageously concentrated on the acts or on the inaction of the Government than on real or alleged defects in the reasoning of their opponents. In the Liberal party there are many men who are both intelligent and honest, and some of them have lately uttered warnings to which the Ministers would in their own interest do well to attend. Few recent speakers at public meetings have sympathized with the impenetrable bigotry of Birmingham; and it may be remembered that MR. BRIGHT himself considers it unreasonable that a debtor should fix for himself the amount to be paid. Owners of English land must be singularly shortsighted if they fail to foresee the application to their own property of the doctrines which are propagated in Ireland; and land is not the only form of wealth which is threatened with spoliation. One of the most whimsical incidents of Irish turbulence is a threatening letter addressed to an employer in Dublin because he paid his workmen, not too little, but too much. Some rival thought that the methods of agrarian legislation would be as applicable to the promotion of his own interest as to the equally selfish purposes of tenant-farmers. Popular feeling in England is not favourable to the Land League; and there is little doubt that some of the Ministers share the general re-

pugnance and alarm. It is nevertheless not to be supposed that they are deliberately and consciously parties to a dereliction of duty which puzzles and astonishes the non-official community.

THE FRENCH REFORM BILL.

THE French Deputies are apparently more concerned about their own irremovability than about the irremovability of the judges. They have voted almost without discussion the clause which, for the space of a year, converts the whole French magistracy into so many dependents of the Minister of Justice; but they show occasional symptoms of unwillingness to pass a Reform Bill which will probably be fatal to the re-election of a great number of their own body. The Committee of Initiative decided in the first instance by eight votes against five not to recommend the Chamber of Deputies to take into consideration the Bill re-establishing the *Scrutin de liste*. There was never, of course, any question of carrying out this recommendation in its integrity. It cannot be denied that a Reform Bill which has long been demanded by the Left has a just claim to all the thought and labour which the Chamber has to bestow on it, and as the present Session must be followed by a general election, there is plainly no time to be lost in taking it in hand. The Committee of Initiative has been greatly abused for even suggesting that the Chamber should refuse to discuss M. BARDOUX'S Bill. It would have been fairer to remember that responsibility and power go together, and that, as the vote of the Committee did not really interfere with the progress of the measure thus condemned in advance, there was no reason why the members should not take this method of conveying to their colleagues their opinion that the Bill ought to be rejected. As soon, however, as the Committee had given its vote, it seems to have been terrified at its own boldness. It had actually recommended the Chamber not to take into consideration a Bill of which M. GAMBETTA is known to be an ardent supporter. No doubt the Chamber would disregard the vote, and debate the Bill just as thoroughly as though the Committee had never suggested that it should be passed over. But in that case, why should the Committee set itself up as a target for M. GAMBETTA'S wrath? If their vote could have really helped on the rejection of the Bill, it might have been worth while to run some risk for so excellent an object. But, supposing the Bill should be passed after all, the eight deputies who had sounded the first note of opposition would be marked men. This consideration seems to have been conclusive in the case of five out of the eight. When the Report of the Committee came to be considered previously to its presentation to the Chamber, only three members were found to support the original recommendation.

Still, there is even now an unusual degree of uncertainty as to the decision of the Chamber of Deputies. Ordinarily, any proposal which has the support of the leader of the Left is sure of a majority. The Chamber has been capricious in its votes where the existence of Ministries has been in question; but it has been thoroughly consistent in its acceptance of Radical measures. In the present instance this agreement shows some signs of breaking up. The arguments urged against the retention of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* are of a kind which are calculated to make a strong, but hardly a favourable, impression on the minds of the deputies. It is said, probably with a great deal of truth, that the present system, which allots one deputy to every *arrondissement*, and an additional deputy for every additional 100,000 inhabitants, gives undue importance to local popularity on the part of the candidates. It is the local lawyer, the local doctor, the local editor, that has the best chance of winning votes. Men of this class may be very good members of a municipal or departmental Council, but they are not good members of the Chamber of Deputies. Under a system which allotted deputies to each department in proportion to its population, and gave each elector as many votes as there were seats to be filled, these estimable but unpolitical personages would have no chance of being returned. The contest would turn entirely upon questions of national interest, and the electors of a whole department, knowing nothing about the particular concerns of the several *arrondissements*, would look out for men who had already made some reputation for themselves—if they

were to be had—and, at all events, for men who came to them recommended by the leaders in whom they had confidence. The more the existing Chamber considers this argument, the less likely it is to be really convinced by it. To expect the deputies to support M. BARDOUX'S Bill is to expect the local lawyer, the local doctor, and the local editor to pass a self-denying ordinance. It is they who to a great extent compose the Chamber. The *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is dear to them precisely for the reason that it is abused by the advocates of the Bill. It has sent them to Paris, and invested them with whatever dignity belongs to the representatives of the nation. If it were possible to persuade them that the return to the *Scrutin de liste* would work no material change in the composition of the Chamber, and that at the next election, equally with the last, local eminence would be the best passport to the goodwill of the electors, they would have no objection to support the change. But, in all the speeches and articles which are to be found upon this side of the controversy, the exact contrary is preached. The Legislature is asked to purge itself of these unworthy elements, and to take care that they do not again make part of it. Why should the unworthy elements themselves contribute towards their own extinction? It is very doubtful, again, whether the constituencies which these unworthy elements represent would thank them for voting their extinction. The value which electors set upon the privilege of returning a member is commonly in inverse proportion to the number of those who possess it. No one cares to be swamped in a crowd of voters about whose opinions he neither knows nor cares anything. The case set up in favour of the *Scrutin de liste* over the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is no more likely to find favour with the constituencies than with the deputies. Why is it that, under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, the electors so often return the local lawyer, the local doctor, the local editor? For the very good reason that they think these particular candidates the best men for the work they will be wanted to do. A small constituency cannot always be thinking of the fortunes of the Republic; it must from time to time pay some attention to its own fortunes. It wants a share in the distribution of official patronage, or to have some little job negotiated for its benefit. A candidate chosen on account of his views upon general policy, or on the recommendation of a Committee sitting in Paris, will not be nearly so useful for these purposes as a local candidate. Of course this difficulty is one that has to be got over wherever it is a question of redistributing seats in Parliament. But in other cases the advocates of redistribution have usually had two advantages which are denied them in the present case. Redistribution has for the most part been associated with extension of the suffrage, and the smaller constituencies have waived their pretensions in view of the necessity of admitting a hitherto unrepresented class into the electorate. Under universal suffrage this inducement loses its force. Every man already has a vote; and a vote is all that he can have, whether he uses it in an *arrondissement* or in a department. Nor does the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* furnish any of the scandals which time and change occasionally bring about in older representative systems. The *arrondissement* is in no case as small a constituency, except in comparison with some larger one. There are no Old Sarums in France.

Against this natural unwillingness to upset the existing system must be set the facts that M. GAMBETTA wishes it upset, and that the *Scrutin de liste* has always been a shibboleth with the Extreme Left. It is just possible, however, that these two considerations may go some way towards balancing one another. It is commonly said that M. GAMBETTA'S friendship for the Bill is partly due to his belief that he will be returned at the head of the poll in a great many departments at once, and will thus be designated by a sort of informal plebiscite for the supreme place in the State. It is natural enough that M. GAMBETTA, if he entertains this expectation, should wish to see the *Scrutin de liste* restored, and the sudden repentance of the Committee of Initiative is evidence how great his influence in the Chamber still is. But there must be a very large minority among the deputies of the Extreme Left who are not at all anxious to see M. GAMBETTA carried to the head of affairs by this process of simultaneous election. If, therefore, they are of the same opinion as to the effect of re-establishing the *Scrutin de liste*, they may not be above coming to some understanding with timid depu-

ties of moderate opinions which may enable the latter to consult their convictions without neglecting their safety. In this way the Extreme Left may have the satisfaction of voting for a democratic measure, while avoiding the practical inconvenience which its adoption might cause them. Whether it is best for France to retain the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, or to go back to the *Scrutin de liste*, is a point upon which happily it is not necessary for foreigners to have a strong opinion. The caprices of the existing Chamber certainly furnish an argument in favour of a change. If, as is alleged, the formation of a working Ministerial majority is impossible under the present distribution of seats, it is a very serious drawback to any political machinery. But the value of a working majority depends upon the accuracy with which it represents the majority in the country; and whether election by departments would secure this better than election by *arrondissements* is a very doubtful matter.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE war with the Basutos can have only one result; for, if the colonial forces fail to suppress the insurrection, the Imperial Government cannot refuse to come to their aid. The late accounts of the struggle have not been encouraging, but the reinforcements which are proceeding to the seat of war may perhaps restore the superiority of the colonial forces. The Cape Government is, for intelligible reasons, anxious to finish the contest without external interference. It seems that Mr. SPRIGG was in error if he supposed that the Colonial Office had assented to his claim of exclusive control over the relations with the natives in the event of a successful termination of the war. He had, in fact, been warned that the Home Government reserved to itself entire freedom of action; but, if the colonists thoroughly defeat the Basutos, Mr. SPRIGG'S anticipations will be practically realized. The Aborigines Protection Society is too late in its protest against Mr. SPRIGG'S policy. It may be true that, as Mr. FROUDE stated, the Cape Administration cannot, under the terms of their Constitution, make war on an external independent Power without the QUEEN'S consent; but the prohibition was evidently intended to apply to the case of civilized States, and not to inevitable conflicts with native tribes. "They professed," as Mr. FROUDE proceeded to say, "to be putting down a rebellion, and it was by our act that they could treat the natives as 'British subjects.'" The substance of Mr. FROUDE'S contention was that the Imperial Government ought to exercise its sovereignty or protectorate over the Basutos, instead of allowing the colony to regard them as subject to its own legislation or coercion. The Cape Parliament never doubted its authority to pass an Act for disarming the Basutos; and the measure provoked no remonstrance from the SECRETARY for the COLONIES. It followed that the collision which ensued was in the nature of a civil war, and that, if the local Government suppresses the resistance of the native chiefs, it will be entitled, or at least enabled, to take such precautions as it may think fit against the renewal of the contest. It will then be useless to argue that the land occupied by the Basutos lies outside the limits of the colony. The reserved right of the Imperial Government to supervise the terms of peace will only come into operation if it becomes necessary to check any tendency to oppression. There is, as Lord KIMBERLEY said in answer to Mr. FROUDE, no danger of extermination; but it may perhaps be proper to guard against measures inconsistent with the personal liberty of the natives. It is but just to admit that, after the last border war, the Cape Government showed no tyrannical or intolerant disposition.

It is fortunate that the Colonial Office, unlike some other departments of State, has of late years been for the most part administered without respect to domestic party struggles. Lord CARDWELL, Lord CARNARVON, and Lord KIMBERLEY have promoted a consistent and continuous policy, from which the present Minister is not inclined to depart. The project of federation, which is for the present suspended, was principally designed as a step to the establishment of a common native policy and a joint system of defence. The Cape Parliament has on more than one occasion intimated its indifference to provision against dangers which principally threatened the

weaker neighbouring provinces. The suppression of the Gaika and Galeka revolts, though it was mainly effected by the regular troops, confirmed the confidence of the colonists; but they are now reminded that the native population within their own dominions is still formidable. It is possible that they may be compelled to solicit the co-operation of Natal, and they probably watch with uneasiness symptoms of a rebellious disposition in the Transvaal. The necessary result of confederation would be the final assumption by the colonies of the burden of native wars, and consequently of the regulation of native relations. The deputation from the Aborigines Protection Society virtually requested the Imperial Government to withdraw from the Cape Colony the control both of war and of peace. Mr. FROUDE's remark that the Home Government was responsible for having transferred its powers to the colonial Legislature could at most only have an historical value. The gift of qualified independence, whether or not it was prudently made, is in its nature irrevocable. Even if Lord KIMBERLEY had not retained his faith in the expediency of the measure, he would have wasted time in discussing its merits. It is true that a small section of colonial politicians holds that the concession of responsible government was premature; but the controversy is sustained rather as a form of criticism on the actual Administration than in the hope or with the wish of reversing a completed policy.

In his judicious and argumentative answer to the deputation, Lord KIMBERLEY rebuked only by contemptuous silence the flippant vulgarity of a facetious newspaper Correspondent who thought fit to intervene in the discussion with an impertinent letter. The assertion that Sir BARTLE FREERE, who has nothing to do with the matter, "sees the finger of God in the trigger of the breechloader," was in the most approved form of Correspondent rhetoric. The Basutos, it seems, "were faithful, devoted, and loyal to the core, and they murdered the Zulus with exemplary ferocity and cruelty." In another paragraph bombast takes the place of irony; but it would be tedious to record how empires founded on the ruin of unoffending races inevitably sink beneath the maledictions and ill-will of the conquered. Unfortunately, most empires have been founded by conquest, which may probably have provoked curses, or, in finer language, malediction. The English nation has not yet succumbed to the malediction of the Britons, who, according to the best historical testimony, were either expelled or exterminated. The Basutos are not yet even conquered; and it is necessary to run the risk of their future maledictions. The suggestion that South Africa should be governed like India was not less absurd, though it was propounded in more decorous terms. The substitution of a benevolent despotism for representative government in a country inhabited by Englishmen and by Europeans who are their equals was properly dismissed by Lord KIMBERLEY with a simple expression of dissent. To the more serious proposal of the assertion of Imperial sovereignty over native territory, he replied that the colony would not surrender its claims, and that we should have no power to govern the territory if we took it under our direct control. The opposite policy has been deliberately pursued. The only Imperial troops in the colony form the garrison at Cape Town; and it is not intended, except in case of necessity, to increase their numbers. Lord KIMBERLEY reasonably thinks that, as in former times, native wars would be likely to arise if the colonies were not responsible for the consequences of collision. In New Zealand the colonists, since they have been left to themselves, have dealt more successfully with the natives than when they were supported by ten thousand English soldiers. The diminution of the numbers of the Maori race is probably not the direct result of the more complete establishment of English supremacy. No similar misfortune is to be apprehended in South Africa, where the boundless interior of the continent is still an *officina barbarorum*. Even within the English dominion, and especially in Natal, the native population constantly increases.

In the last Blue-book on South African affairs the only interesting document is the answer of Sir BARTLE FREERE to the despatch in which his recall had been announced. No public servant in modern times has been subject to greater provocation, and Sir BARTLE FREERE has not always resisted the temptation to stretch the bonds of official discipline. His answer to Lord KIMBERLEY is a virtual reprimand, scarcely disguised by the ordinary forms of deference. He reproves the Government for the assumption that the

policy of confederation has become hopeless because the consideration of the subject was adjourned by the Colonial Parliament. He still believes that the project is feasible, and that it will be carried into effect at an early period. During the late debates some members of the local Opposition professed to be in close correspondence with leaders of the Liberal party in England, who had repeatedly professed their hostility to Sir BARTLE FREERE and his policy. The dispute, though it is recent, is for practical purposes obsolete, and both Sir BARTLE FREERE and his opponents must content themselves with incomplete success. There is but one opinion as to the shabbiness of the treatment which he has received from the present Government. Lord KIMBERLEY, and even Mr. GLADSTONE, may perhaps have found it expedient to yield to the clamour of their colleagues or of agitators outside. In defiance of precedent, they punished him for unpopular acts after they had condoned any offence which he might have committed by continuing to employ his services. Sir BARTLE FREERE significantly hopes that his dismissal may not increase the embarrassments which were impending at the date of his letter in Basutoland and the Transvaal. For the disarmament of the Basutos the Colonial Ministry, and not the Government, was exclusively responsible. Lord KIMBERLEY properly holds both that the measure was right in principle, and yet that it was impolitic because it was inopportune. The uncertain contest which still continues convicts Mr. SPRIGG of a grave mistake.

IMPRISONED CLERGYMEN.

OUR daily instructors display a remarkable want of foresight, knowledge, or breadth of view, in the way in which they treat the ugly sight of a self-constituted and irresponsible Society enforcing its ritual prepossessions by haling to prison clergymen devoted to their duties and blameless in their lives. The real question at issue in all its perplexing intricacies is one with which these writers decline to entangle themselves, while any expression of indignation at the savage stupidity of the Church Association might involve unpopular admissions. Consequently the only alternative left is to denounce the obstinacy and the lawlessness of men with whom—however opinionated they may be—the only possible inducement voluntarily to submit to great discomforts can be the belief that they are obeying the paramount obligation of conscience. So the poor device of personal sarcasm is the resort of writers afraid or unable to probe a deep and pressingly important question, when they might naturally ask whether this strange phenomenon of passive endurance divorced from agitation is not *prima facie* evidence of something out of joint in the ecclesiastical commonwealth. One man encourages another in his suggestions of dead repression, till the shrieking chorus culminates in the strident note of a Diocesan Chancellor, who finds it convenient to forget his responsibilities of judge as he clamours to pitch the recalcitrant clergymen, like so many cracked bells, into the seething cauldron of deprivation.

Difficult as the effort may seem, we shall endeavour to treat the matter without respect of persons, and to regard Lord PENZANCE, prelates, and members of the Judicial Committee on one side, and Messrs. DALE, ENRAGHT, and GREEN on the other—not to mention the mixed multitude of Associationists and Unionists—as a matter-of-fact student might contemplate so many algebraical symbols. The only human weakness left to us is the self-consciousness which gives the right to claim the credit of having been true prophets at an excited period of general perversity. We never shrank from declaring our conviction that the policy of the Public Worship Act was essentially one of injustice, and we proclaimed the certain failure of tactics so unfair. In the imprisonment of these clergymen we see the verification of our prediction. It may be true that technically the *Significavit* which has turned the key upon these gentlemen is not one of the penalties of that statute. But, had it not been for the encouragement which that measure gave to persecution, this obsolete weapon never would have been furbished up for present use.

Step by step the actual complication has been reached. The appointment as judge under the Act of a man so notoriously unversed in ecclesiastical law and so conversant with very different procedures as Lord PENZANCE

surprised all impartial men and shocked many. The wrangle over that Judge's salary failed to enhance his dignity. His refusal to accept his appointment by the old traditional forms undermined the basis of his presumable authority. The apparent prejudice against one school of ceremonial, which confessedly lay at the bottom of the Worship Act, seemed to crop up in the RIDSDALE as it had done in the PURCHAS judgment; while the latitude given to doctrine in the BENNETT case deprived that prejudice of any logical basis, and a literary bookseller assailed the historical groundwork of the RIDSDALE judgment with considerations as yet unanswered by its authors. Finally, the Bishop of OXFORD's triumph in the Court of Appeal covered the new jurisdiction with ridicule. The upshot is that the Church Association has abandoned the perilous ways of argument and betaken itself to fines and fetters. So, at a crisis when the Establishment is called upon to justify its existence in the eyes of jealous foes as the Church of the nation, the edifying spectacle is afforded of an internecine war between two parties, each convinced of the legality of its own type of worship, one of which claims supremacy backed by imprisonment, and the other is content to accept toleration won by endurance.

It is a natural result of this distempered condition of ecclesiastical affairs that the controversy has spread beyond the legal grievances alleged against the jurisdiction set up by the Public Worship Act, and the ritual wrongs believed to have been inflicted by the judgments of the Judicial Committee. Consequently the long-slumbering repugnance to the constitution of the latter tribunal as the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal, of which so moderate a Churchman as Bishop BLOMFIELD, and more lately Bishop WILBERFORCE, had made himself mouthpiece, has now blazed up into a white flame of fierce opposition. It is a strong point against the retention of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Judicial Committee that this was taken away in Lord SELBORNE's original scheme of judicial reform passed in 1873, and was only restored when the House was again set up as the Court of Ultimate Appeal. The peacemaker will accordingly find himself confronted by two demands from the party which believes itself to be wronged—the one for a reconstruction of the actual system of ecclesiastical appeals, and the other for a reconsideration of the decisions which claim to settle the limits of permissible ritual. The first may be abstractedly the wider-reaching and more fundamental question, but the second is the one on which practical men will be more anxious to reach an early understanding; for any sincere and searching consideration of the principles on which the Court of Appeal should be constructed must continue impossible so long as the inquiry is conducted in hope or in fear of a particular decision from the novel jurisdiction.

If both parties to the ritual contention were pledged to the suppression of the opposite opinion, all hope of peace would have to be abandoned. Happily these exclusive tactics are the watchword of only one of the two sides. It is not less undoubted that, if the controversy, as formulated by the RIDSDALE judgment, were between those accessories of worship which had always been found in the Reformed Church of England and others which had never been found there, the advocates of the last-named ceremonial might, on historical grounds, be ruled out of court. But, according to the judgment itself, things which it admitted and things which it prohibited were both of them, by the recital of that very document, in and of the Reformed Church till a certain date many years after ELIZABETH's accession, and then were only prohibited by a presumed act of Royal authority for which, in the singular absence of direct proof, secondary and inferential evidence had to be alleged. So, then, ultimately the plea of the complaining party is narrowed to the request that the validity of ELIZABETH's alleged prohibition should be tested by a more searching and express inquiry into the real constitutional character of the document called "the Advertisements" of that sovereign. Its existence is undoubted as a pamphlet published by Archbishop PARKER; but this pamphlet of 1566, as all who have glanced at it must own, carries no royal signature or express endorsement demonstrating that it is that Order under an Act of Parliament of 1559 which alone can claim to be ended with authority equivalent to that of a statute. No middle term exists between the Advertisements being statutable law by inference, or good advice from Archbishop PARKER equivalent in legal force to the Bishop of MANCHESTER'S

late Charge. We forbear from pressing the further equitable consideration that, if the legal stringency of the Advertisements were conclusively established, it might be as politic as it would be gracious to concede a permissive and limited relaxation in favour of that which the position taken up by the other side shows to be accidentally, and not essentially, outside of the Reformed English Church. Correlative to this would be the ratification of that virtual promise which the Ritualists have in effect given, that success would not be pressed against those to whom the recovered ornaments would be distasteful, but that proved legality should be construed as merely carrying permission. The common answer to this reasonable claim has been the confident assertion that the controversy is one with only a handful of the clergy on one side and all the laity on the other. The meetings held on behalf of Mr. DALE, whether wise or unwise in their utterances, sufficiently refute this threadbare pretence. The comparative census of religious parties is of course unattainable, but the fact is as plain as the sun at noon-day that Ritualism, so-called, and its Puritan opposite are, one as well as the other, the conviction of a party made up in due proportions of clergy and laity, supporting and inciting each other in their distinctive practices. Each of these parties professes its loyalty to the Church of England, and each points to salient passages in the past history of that Church in vindication of its professions. Wisdom cries in the streets that, if the Established Church is to be preserved as a national institution, each party must be taken at its own estimate, and left to find its level within certain easily defined limits. Practical arrangements are no doubt most seriously hampered by the obstacles which stand in the way of any invitation to Parliament to arbitrate in Church disputes; but it is always allowable to lay down principles. We may therefore safely assert that the criterion of permissibility might most safely take an historical shape, while it would be reasonably restricted within the narrow compass of those few editions of the Prayer-Book which have been in authorized use since the Reformation.

COLONEL GORDON ON CHINESE POLICY.

THE *St. James's Gazette* of Tuesday printed a very interesting memorandum, stated to have been drawn up by Colonel GORDON for the use of the Chinese Government. The document, which may, we presume, be accepted as genuine, at any rate bears the marks of long study and intimate knowledge of the Chinese character. It embodies a complete military policy, based on the principle that, in order to succeed in a war with a foreign Power, China must make use of the special advantages she enjoys, and not attempt to meet her enemies on their own ground. She possesses, says Colonel GORDON, "a long-used military organization, a regular military discipline," and his advice to her is to "leave it intact." Colonel GORDON is entirely superior to the temptation to organize and discipline Chinese troops on European models. His theory evidently is that a European enemy will be more embarrassed by being encountered after the native fashion than if he had to do with a probably inferior copy of his own system. A foreign army landing on the Chinese coast or crossing the Chinese frontier must of necessity be limited in numbers. But the Chinese army may be practically unlimited. What the Chinese Government should aim at, therefore, is such a kind of military excellence as can be imparted to very large bodies of men. A foreign general will know how to defeat an army disciplined like his own, which he can induce to stand a pitched battle; but he may be utterly puzzled how to defeat an army which comes against him like a cloud of flies, which never seem to change their place, and yet are always around him. The aim of a Chinese commander, according to Colonel GORDON, should never be to defeat his adversaries. He should always be content with worrying them. He should avoid giving battle, and use his troops entirely in cutting off the enemy's communications, in attacking his baggage, and even in keeping him awake. This last recommendation is a curious example of the shrewd minuteness to which Colonel GORDON descends. He advises the Government to have "a few small-bored, very long-range wall-pieces, 'rifled and breech loaders.'" These are to be planted a long way off from the enemy's camp, where they will be

safe from attack. If it should turn out that they are not safe from attack, they are on no account to be defended. The advice Colonel GORDON gives to the Chinese in that event is perfectly frank. They are to run away. The loss of the piece or two that the enemy may take will matter much less than the loss of the men who might be slain in keeping them. The object of firing from a distance is not to kill or wound the enemy, but to prevent him from sleeping. "If he does not sleep, then he gets ill, and goes into hospital, and there needs other enemies to take care of him, and thus the enemy's numbers are reduced." The army is, under no circumstances, to trouble itself about fortifications. If it wishes to reduce a fort, it should do it by starvation, not by assault. If a fort is attacked, the garrison ought not to stay to stand a siege, but to go out at once, and harass the enemy in the rear. The Chinese troops, properly equipped, "can move two to every one *li* the enemy marches." To-day they "will be before him; to-morrow they will be behind him; the next day they will be on his left hand; and so on, till the enemy gets tired and cross with such long walks, and his soldiers quarrel with their officers, and get sick."

The arms of the Chinese troops are to be of a piece with their tactics. An abundance of fairly serviceable rifles is of more use than a smaller number of more perfect weapons, and the money which will buy a few of the one will buy a large number of the other. Even if the Chinese were armed only with swords and spears, they might hope to beat the best regular troops, provided that they outnumbered them; and if, instead of carrying swords and spears, they carry ordinary breechloaders, the victory will certainly be theirs. Ten breechloaders carrying up to 1,000 yards are more useful than five carrying up to 1,500. If the Chinese soldiers were given the latter weapons, they would not know how to use them, and only five men could be armed for the money which would arm ten men with the former. The rifles should not be very light or delicately made. Weight does not matter to a Chinaman who carries no kit. Financial exhaustion is apparently the form of defeat which Colonel GORDON most fears for China. He is more anxious to husband her money than to husband her men, and is willing to put up with moderate efficiency in military equipments, if only he can get equipments of moderate efficiency for all the men who will be ready to carry them. His advice about artillery and torpedoes runs in just the same strain. The Chinese are to get them cheap, in order to be able to have more of them. The utility of torpedoes is in direct proportion to the number there are of them. If they are only used at certain places, "then the enemy knows that he has to look out when near those places." But when he does not know where they may not be, "he can never feel safe; he is always anxious; he cannot sleep; he gets ill, and dies." The misery caused by prolonged want of sleep seems to be constantly present to Colonel GORDON'S imagination. To be plentiful, torpedoes must be cheap, and to be cheap, they must be simple in construction. These last have the further advantage of not easily getting out of order. It is the same with guns and ships. China should buy no more big guns to defend her coasts. Mortars will serve her turn much better. If she buys one 18-ton gun, she will find that she cannot pierce the sides of her enemy's ships; whereas she can get five hundred mortars for the same money, and the shot, if it hits the enemy's ship at all, falls on the deck, where it does a great deal of damage. A port which is defended by abundance of mortars and abundance of torpedoes is practically impregnable. In the same way, Colonel GORDON is in favour of small ships, as against large ones. Large ships are all very well in the open sea, but the open sea is not the place for China to show her strength in. It is to creeks that she ought to look as places where she may worry her enemy's ships in much the same way as that in which she worries his soldiers on land.

In one important respect, however, Colonel GORDON makes a distinction between the military and the naval policy of the Chinese. As regards the army, he is decidedly of opinion that China needs no foreigners to help her to carry out the programme he has sketched out for her. If she cannot do what he suggests for herself, no European can do it for her. The main object of the whole scheme is to bring out the peculiar military virtues of the Chinese people, and this is an object that can only be carried out properly by a native. Foreign interference

would probably end in the adoption of a mixed system which would be neither European nor Chinese. As regards the fleet, however, Colonel GORDON speaks in quite a different tone. China must have European officers for her fleet, and Colonel GORDON makes two alternative suggestions as to the manner of obtaining them. Is it better, he asks, for China to get officers here and there, or to ask some one foreign Power to lend her officers? Each proposal has its disadvantages. If she gets her officers where she can, she may find herself at war with the country to which the officers of the fleet belong, and then many of them will have to leave her service just when she most wants them. If, on the other hand, she asks some one foreign Power to lend her officers, that foreign Power will be likely to interfere with her policy. It will be an ally who has the power of making its own terms for the assistance it gives. It is somewhat strange to find that Colonel GORDON decides in favour of this latter plan. The best and safest thing for China, he says, is "to think what nation there is who would be likely to be good friends with China in good weather and in bad weather, and then to ask that nation to lend China the officers she wants for her fleet." The observation that naturally suggests itself at this point is that, if the Chinese Government really take Colonel GORDON'S advice and determine to make some one nation their friend and to apply to it to officer their fleet, it may be a very serious consideration for this country. Such an arrangement as that here sketched out means nothing short of an alliance between China and some one European Power. If the Power chosen by China is England, it is easy to see how many things there will be to be said against such an offer being accepted. On the other hand, if the offer is made and declined, or if, in the first instance, it should be made to and accepted by some other Power than England, the position of England in the Eastern seas may be gravely affected. Of course the Chinese Government cannot be expected to trouble its head about these contingent annoyances to barbarian Powers, and Colonel GORDON has only done his duty by what may be almost called his second country in giving the advice which he honestly believes to be the best. But it is difficult not to wish either that he had read his duty differently, or that his advice were less likely to be followed by the Chinese. As it is, it seems so admirably suited to their capacity, and at the same time to their prejudices, and is so obviously disinterested on the part of Colonel GORDON, that there is a considerable chance of its being accepted. It would be interesting to know Colonel GORDON'S opinion as to what answer England should give to the Chinese Government, supposing such a proposal to be made to her.

PAX GLADSTONIANA.

THREE Cabinet Councils in a week, resulting in a formal announcement to the effect that the Cabinet has not been able to make up its mind, represent a sufficiently curious state of things. It is a state, however, which cannot have been very surprising to hearers or readers of the now historical Guildhall speech. In that speech Mr. Gladstone, with many encouraging assurances as to what he would do when he and his colleagues awoke to the fact of there being something abnormal in the state of Ireland, declined very decidedly to awake at once to that fact. The Prime Minister is the sluggard of the poem dear to youth. When they told that sluggard that it was time to get up, he declined to anticipate the contingency; so does Mr. Gladstone. His slumber indeed may be said to be a restless one, for three Cabinet Councils in a week represent many turnings and tossings to and fro in bed. But, as far as definite acknowledgment of the situation goes, Mr. Gladstone and his Government are still in the attitude of the sluggard. The early summoning of Parliament is in their case the exact analogue to that terrible and shivering exchange of the warm blankets and coverlets for the chilly ambient air which many eloquent writers have described, and which millions of lazy mortals have contemplated with horror every winter. So they say "A little more sleep and a little more slumber," and refuse to anticipate the contingency which must take them out of their beds.

Meanwhile the condition of affairs in Ireland becomes every day more remarkably real when we remember that it is only a contingency, and more remarkably present when we remember that it is only an anticipation. By the time these lines are in print it is indeed possible that Captain Boycott's crops may have been got in. It is an inexpressible comfort, it seems, to Radical critics to think that the getting-in has been effected under the protection of "the law as it stands." "This," they cry—and we really are not travestying what has actually been said—"is

the country where you want the Habeas Corpus Act suspended. Is not Captain Boycott possessing his body—aye, and his soul and his crops, too—in peace, protected only by forty or fifty armed Orangemen, who are protected by some hundreds of Constabulary, who are protected by a battalion of foot and a regiment of horse? This, it seems, is the "ordinary method" of enforcing the law in free countries. We are expressly told that policemen and soldiers are the "ordinary instruments" of the law. So they are, no doubt. But, in the first place, the metamorphoses of the Irish constable as he appears to the Radical eye are very puzzling to eyes which have not been purged with Radical euphrasy and democratic rue. At one time he is a "green soldier," a preposterous being whose rifle and revolver testify to the scandalous tyranny of England over Ireland. But at another time he is, it appears, "only a policeman," an ordinary instrument of the law, the same peaceful creature as the familiar blue-coated guardian of the London streets. It is good, too, to hear Radicals describing soldiers as the "ordinary" means for enforcing respect for the law. The ghosts of Cartwright and Paine, of Orator Hunt and Thelwall-of-the-pot-of-porter, must surely shriek and gibber somewhere in Elysium (or in the other place) at this doctrine, in the light of which Peterloo becomes as edifying a testimony to the completely satisfactory condition of England at the time as a co-operative festival or a Great Exhibition. For the times seem to have changed remarkably with Radicalism of late, and the obedient Radicals have changed with them.

However, the Boycott expedition is an old story now, and such lesson as it had to give to Mr. Gladstone and other people as to the wisdom of occasionally consenting to recognize facts, instead of refusing to anticipate contingencies, may be thought to have been exhausted long ago. The Special Correspondents have left Mayo and have journeyed to Clare. And this is what they find there, or at least what one of them finds, who is so little of a landlord-sympathizer that he once described the Boycott expedition as a "wrongheaded scheme." The Correspondent of the *Daily News* in Ireland paid a visit at the end of last week to Mr. Richard Stacpoole, of Edenvale, Clare. The condition of this Vale of Eden, in the land where the insufficiency of existing law is a contingency not to be anticipated, is remarkable. Mr. Stacpoole is a great landowner, and one of the landowners who might be thought to be the special darlings of the Irish. He lives at home and keeps up a great establishment; he hunts the county; and he races not merely at Punchestown, but on the English courses, and brings back glory and profit to Ireland. An ideal man for Galway, or for Clare either, the misguided reader may think. Not a bit of it. Before the visit which we are noticing the Irish telegrams showed that something was wrong with Mr. Stacpoole. His harriers have been interfered with; some, it was said, were poisoned, but this is not certain. Farmers have been threatened if they let the hunt ride over their lands. Of course there is nothing to account for this but the usual reason that Mr. Stacpoole (against whose conduct as a landlord we do not understand that anything is said) wishes to have his own. There is one thing of his own—his life—which, it seems, he would not have very long were it not for something else of his own—namely, his reputation for courage and presence of mind. He walks about with a big revolver, and a single, but trusty, bodyguard. The bodyguard has orders if his master is shot to leave him to die, if it must be so, but to kill the assassin at all hazards. Mr. Stacpoole himself is by no means disinclined in case of suspicious appearances to fire first. For there is a game at which the lead is of more importance even than in the game of piquet, and that is the game of shooting. The valiant tenantry of Clare have hitherto hesitated at the chance of being preliminarily shot by their landlord, and the almost certainty of being subsequently shot by his henchman. For, though the Land Leaguer is prodigal of other folks' lives, he has a great respect for his own. Mr. Stacpoole's method, therefore, though somewhat harassing, has been effective; but it is not surprising that the Correspondent of a Liberal journal should apparently accept the view that "there was no longer any law in Clare." The law as it is in Mr. Gladstone's view is sufficient. In that of eyewitnesses it is not sufficient, for the simple reason that it has, as a living and acting power, ceased to exist.

Now let us cross the island and come to Dublin. A letter in Tuesday's *Times* gives us a picture of a day's work in that capital of a peaceful land where the ordinary law is administered with such perfect efficacy that the contingency, &c. &c. &c. We presume that the Editor of the *Times* would not have inserted this letter without guarantees of its genuineness; but, as it happens, it really matters little whether it is an historic summary or only a clever collection of facts separately true. For that they are separately true there is evidence abundant and superabundant. The writer, then, who gives himself out as the Secretary apparently of an Insurance Company, informs us that in a single day his head office in London declined to advance any money on landed property in Ireland, or to allow insurance upon accidents; that insurance against fire in that country has to be underwritten by numerous offices, because no single one will take the risk; that a client had to be refused the insurance of his tenants' hay; that another applied to raise money to pay the charges on his estate, his rents having been withheld; and that a third applied for time to pay his own insurance premiums for the same cause. This is the country in which Mr. Charles Russell is cocksure that there is really no danger for landlords or anybody else; in which the sufficiency of the ordinary law for all purposes is the subject of Mr. Gladstone's conti-

nued and devoted belief; and in which Cabinet Ministers appear to be of the opinion that outrage, even if it does exist, has been grossly exaggerated. We hear a great deal of the anarchy of Macedonia and the neighbouring provinces. But it requires an acute logician to distinguish between Colonel Syngé's position at Salonica a year ago and Mr. Stacpoole's in Clare to-day, nor do we think that property in Thessaly could be much more useless to its proprietor as regards the conveniences of civilized and legal arrangements than, according to this Dublin Secretary, property in Ireland is at the present moment.

The days of panoramas have rather gone by, otherwise a panorama (with real men, fire, pikes, &c. if possible) of Ireland as it is would be an instructive and exciting spectacle. Here we should have a gang of ruffians with blackened faces, wakening up a publican after midnight, politely asking for "glasses round," and with equal politeness ascertaining that their host is a subscriber to the Land League before they depart. This case of the Wicklow publican Hunter is an excellent test case. In a country where the processes of ordinary law go on so smoothly as, on the best authority, we know that they do in Ireland, it is clear that Hunter committed a grave breach of that law in supplying liquor out of hours. He ought to be punished, therefore, for of course the idea of terrorism can enter into no one's head. Elsewhere we should have a mild Land Leaguer in a mask entering a house in the county of Cork by night, and wounding the sister of the occupier with a pike. This person (the Land Leaguer, not the woman) is pathetically described by his friends as being "in a most melancholy condition." In the next division of the panorama (we are only noticing cases reported in a single stretch of forty-eight hours), the patriots might be seen houghing ten cattle in Galway, and the artist (supposing the scene to be merely painted) would have an opportunity of showing his skill by depicting the sorrow which must have been expressed in the manly but blackened faces of the houghers when they found that they were "probably mistaken in the ownership of the cattle." Yet, again, a medical student proposes to "Boycott the police"—that is to say, to refuse fire and water to the energetic instruments of the ordinary law, which is nevertheless working with such admirable success. These things, with a view of the camp at Lough Mask, a sketch of Mr. Stacpoole strolling about with his revolver and his bodyguard, and a few more, would make an admirable "Adventures of Forty-eight Hours in a Country where the ordinary law is sufficient." It would be good, as we have said, as a panorama; better still perhaps as a Drury Lane spectacle. We shall charge no copyright fees to any enterprising manager who likes to embody it in his forthcoming pantomime.

How intelligent and superior persons like Mr. Boyd Kinnear are sure that it is "all the House of Lords"; how an unkind landlord of the name of Mahony has just demolished the assumptions of the more moderate friends of the Land Leaguers in England; and many other curious things relating to Ireland which have passed in the last week, we cannot stay to tell. It is sufficient for the present to point out the most striking facts which since last Saturday have shown how order reigns in Ireland, how the ordinary means of policemen and soldiers (applied, it is true, in rather large doses) are amply sufficient to secure the rights of individuals, and how the country at large is basking and sunning itself in that Peace of Mr. Gladstone which (the phrase cannot be said to savour of profanity, because it is absolutely the only one applicable) passeth all understanding.

STODDART AND TWEEDSIDE.

MR. THOMAS TOD STODDART, who died lately at Kelso, was the last of a great race of anglers. He had known the Border waters when there were but a few handmills at the now populous towns, Hawick, Peebles, Selkirk, and Galashiels, which fill the rivers with abominations literally of every dye. In Mr. Stoddart's youth trout were plentiful, and not very cautious. An angler so skilled as he was might have occasion to say, like Mr. Henderson, "the broom's in the basket"—that is, the basket is filled to the brim very early in the day. Those were years when the riparian landlords had not yet drained the hillsides with such unmerciful science that the streams run muddy white for a day after rain, and then subside in twenty-four hours to the shallow summer level. Even unskilled fishermen, angling down stream against all the directions of science, could hope to catch a few dozen yellow trout in water which was commonly of a dark porter-colour, refined to amber in the shallows. Mr. Stoddart was of the generation of Christopher North, who once walked fourteen miles to the place where he meant to begin angling, discovered that he had left his book of flies at home, walked back, returned again to the loch-side, and made his way home in the evening with two stone weight of trout in the creel on his back. In the thirties and forties of the century anglers were not numerous. Now every pool and stream has its fishers in the open Tweed water, while smaller rivers, like Ale, are systematically poached with nets. Mr. Stoddart's little book of Scottish fishing idyls (*Angling Reminiscences*, Edinburgh: 1837) contains many pictures of the good sport that might be had forty years ago. Readers may remember his sketch of twilight-fishing in summer which it is almost irritating to read of in November weather, with some four months between us and the advent of the first march-brown. Night-fishing, when it is so dark that you cannot see the

flies, or the line, is often very successful in the Tweed. The angler is guided only by the senses of touch and hearing, as the big trout splash about his lure, and it is difficult enough, of course, to land trout in these circumstances. It is curious that Mr. Henderson, the author of one of the best modern works on fishing, *My Life as an Angler*, seems only to have tried night-fishing twice, by way of experiment. The experiment, to be sure, is not a comfortable, nor even a very safe, one, except when the angler lives by the very side of the stream, and knows every stone and bank and ledge as well as the blind fisherman of St. Boswell's. To that sportsman, of course, night is the most suitable season, for he is not vexed by the presence of rivals. It stands to reason that trout must often feed in the night, because in the daytime the most experienced anglers frequently find them sullen, and apparently surfeited. The very strangeness of night-fishing, the increased sound of the waters "deepening their voice with the deepening of the night," the shrill startling voices of night-birds, the appearance of shy animals that about the day, make the sport worth trying in June weather, even though it has a certain air of poaching. As to the quantity of slaughter in the old times, Mr. Stoddart's account of a match between "Jack Leister" and "Tom Otter" on one side, and "Mark Weir" and "Richard Heronbill" on the other, bears witness to something like butchery. The two former captured, with fly, in the Tweed, sixty-eight pounds of trout, the latter scored fifty-one. Except in such comparatively distant and unpoached waters as Loch Assynt or Loch Awe, in Sutherlandshire, we doubt whether such baskets of yellow trout could now be made in Northern lochs or streams. At the time when the "creeper" or undeveloped may-fly can be used as a bait, or in June with worm, in clear water, experts can still secure trout both numerous and large in Tweed, Yarrow, and the smaller waters which flow into St. Mary's Loch. But May and June, the seasons of large takes, are just the seasons when most people find it difficult to leave town. Holidays generally fall in August and September; the former is a bad month for trout-fishing; in the latter, though there are plenty of flies on the water, trout begin to fall out of condition, and the wader finds the rivers unpleasantly cold.

Mr. Stoddart was so fond of the Tweed that we may say of him what he says of his own "Tom Otter." "His attachment to Tweedside was altogether uncommon. The river seemed to him hallowed water. He revered its banks and channels, its tributaries, from their very sources, and all belonging to it." His enthusiasm took the shape of poetry which we cannot but think greatly superior to most of the verses written by anglers, a race whose love of song is out of all proportion to their skill in this accomplishment. Some of his verses are humorous, like the following piece, aimed at his enemies the landlords, who have sometimes shown an inclination to preserve the once free and public waters of Tweedside:—

They've steekit the waters agen us, Jock,
They've steekit the burnies and a';
We hae na a chiel to befrien' us, Jock,
Our laird's aye makin' the law.
We'll neither get yellow nor grey-fin, Jock,
Nor bull-head, nor sawmon ava,
The laird he's aye at the savin, Jock,
And hauds to us weel wi' his law.

Fifty years ago the salmon pools of the lower Tweed, now let at very heavy rentals, might be fished by any one who could spare five shillings for the "tacks-man," and half-a-crown and a luncheon for the boatman. Times have altered; salmon-fishing in the Tweed is a luxury for dukes and Postmasters-General, and it is only on the tributaries that the angler without money in his purse can hope to have salmon, anything but clean run, in his basket. The lairds have usually been very generous in permitting all comers to fish for trout, but even here Mr. Stoddart must have noticed a "heavy change." The natives of the manufacturing towns are not disinclined to use nets, "rake-hooks," and other illegal instruments. Moreover, they swarm on the river-side in such crowds as to interfere with the privacy of owners of land. There is a constant political feud, too, between the Tory lairds and the manufacturing hands, so that many reasons combine to make the landlords preserve the trout-fishing, about which they used to be indifferent. Another Scotch song of Mr. Stoddart's bewails that curious phenomenon, the disappearance of the larger and lordlier trout from Yarrow. Even now, no manufactory pollutes the "silent stream that flows the dark hills under," and forty years ago scientific farming had not poisoned the fish with sheep-washing. But, for some unknown reason, perhaps because the lime of a fallen bridge had poisoned the water, the trout became scarce and poor:—

The yellow fins o' Yarrow daie
I kenna whar they've gane tae;
Were ever troots in border vale
Sae comely or sae dainty?
Now he that angles Yarrow ower
(Maun changes ever waken?),
Frae our Lady's loch to Newark Tower,
Will find the stream forsaken.

In a very different strain is this angling song, which perhaps would be best appreciated at an angling supper in the "Crook Inn," on the upper Tweed, or at "Tibby Shiels," by Our Lady's Loch:—

Bring the rod, the line, the reel!
Bring, oh! bring the osier creek!
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me showers, and clouds, and wind.

All things right and tight,
All things well and proper,
Trailer red and bright,
Dark and wily dropper;
Casts of midges bring,
Made of plover hackle,
With a gaudy wing,
And a cobweb tackle.

But, though the poet asks for "flies of fifty kinds," the angler knew better. Flies black, red, and dun, varying in size with the weather and state of the water, are all that one needs on the Tweed. Mr. Stoddart says as much in an excessively vernacular lyric, intended for Tweedside anglers, "*et non autres*," as Rabelais has it:—

Wee dour-lookin' huiks are the thing
Moose body and laverock wing;
There's mony a chield ta'en ane
Wi' mauk or wi' mennin,
But the fice answers best in the spring.

The border rivers are the ancient homes of poetry, since True Thomas left Leader Water for the streams of Fairyland, since the Bard of Rule was slain by a minstrel's sword, since the dying knight's blood reddened the Douglas burn, and Cockburn's widow bewailed her outlaw lord, and a slain lover was sought by his lady in vain, near the Dowie Dens of Yarrow. Great poets of later days, Wordsworth and Scott, have "plucked the reed and watched it floating down the Tweed," or have rhymed on the charm of Yarrow, visited or unvisited. Hogg, too, left songs that have not lost all their charm—Hogg of whom Mr. Stoddart wrote, in a sonnet on anglers—

Ah, one I gaze on in the fancied band,
Unlike the rest in years, in gait, in hue,
Uprisen from a dim and shadowy land,
Ask what loved phantom fixes my regard,
Yarrow's late pride, the Angler, Shepherd, Bard.

The whole border country is haunted by echoes of song and memories of poets, yet the angler as he works his way up from Clovenfords, past Ashiestiel to the Crook, while he forgets not Scott's, will remember Stoddart's verses:—

The lonesome Tala and the Lyne,
And Manor wi' its mountain rills,
And Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow frae the forest hills,
And Gala too, and Teviot bright,
And many a stream of playful speed,
Their kindred valleys all unite
Among the braes of bonnie Tweed.

The "Teviot bright" is now of the brightness of slightly diluted ink, thanks to the enterprise of the Hawick millowners. But the Tweed still survives, not wholly defiled by human greed, and, in spring, the angler pent in towns may say, with Mr. Stoddart,

The voice of the city, the whisper of men,
I hear them, and hate them, and weary again
For the lull of the streams, the breath of the breeze,
Brought down in a morning of May.

He prophesied of his own end, and its consolations, forty years ago:—

And I, when to breathe is a burden, and joy
Forgets me, and life is no longer the boy,
On the labouring staff, and the tremulous knee,
Will wander, bright river, to thee!

And the hymn of the furze, when the dew-pears are shed,
And the old sacred tones of thy musical bed,
Will close, as the last mortal moments depart,
The golden gates of the heart!

An angler's dirge, by the same angler poet, is more appropriate now:—

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
To our angler's quiet mound,
With the old pilgrim, twilight grey.
Enter thou the holy ground;
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
Woeer of the western wind,
Watcher of the April morn!

THE BATTLE OF THE BELLS.

WHY is it that the subject of bells can never be introduced in public without the certainty of a fight? Matter-of-fact persons may reply that it is because campanology is one of the numerous subjects to which Sir Edmund Beckett does the honour of knowing them, and because, when Sir Edmund Beckett makes his appearance, it is a moral impossibility that there should not shortly be "wigs on the green." This is a gross and material explanation, and we decline to pledge ourselves to it. Very possibly it is the revenge of the Powers of the Air for the discomfort which, as is well known, bells inflict upon them. Driven from the neighbourhood of those instruments, they take refuge in the heads and hearts of the persons who write and talk about bells, and provoke them to mortal combat. Yet another explanation (this time once more of the commonplace sort) is that all kinds of music have the power either to charm or to irritate the hearer in a remarkable degree, and bell music more than any others. There are some people, nervous and irritable enough in the matter of other sounds, to whom bell-ringing, unless the bells are in absolutely stunning proximity, is rather a soothing than a disturbing noise. Indeed, habit, if nothing else, must produce this result on all but

a very few unhappy persons, if they happen to have been educated at either of the English Universities, and especially at Oxford. What with chapel bells by the score in the morning, bells striking the hours and quarters with such a noble independence of Greenwich or any other arbitrary standard that not one minute of the sixty is quite silent, chapel bells again in the evening, chimes rung in honour of new Fellows or Scholars at odd times throughout the day, and the hundred booms of Tom to finish up with, a very few months' experience of Oxford makes a man as indifferent, to say no more, to the sound as a boilermaker is to the clank of hammer and rivet. But everybody has acquaintances who regard bells with an abhorrence almost equal to their abhorrence of bagpipes. They may perhaps confess that a distant peal, heard over half a league of wood and meadow, is not bad; but the admission has to be suspected of the same hypocrisy which makes a Scotchman eulogize the music of the pipes "far down the glen." The expression is poetical; the meaning seems but too suggestive of the further the better. In crowded cities especially there is a curious objection to bells, though perhaps there is nothing which takes off the hideous oppressiveness of the modern street better than what Mr. Froude has well said to be the specially mediæval music of bells. A day or two ago, while a not dissimilar controversy was going on in London, a gentleman at Manchester complained piteously in one of the local papers of the ringing of a bell, though this was on Sunday and for service. "Could any one," said this indignant person, "produce a single text of Scripture authorizing or ordaining the use of bells?" The challenge, we believe, remained unanswered; which, considering the date usually assigned to the composition of the sacred texts, and that assigned to the introduction of bells into the church service, does not surprise us.

The actual battle began on this wise. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have laid their heads and their purses together, and with one accord desire a big bell. They have got a peal, and they have a bell of the bigness of five tons, or thereabouts; but this is not supposed to be sufficient for the dignity of the Chapter, or the Cathedral, or the capital. Canon Gregory, who has made himself the mouthpiece of the project, aims at twelve tons. This, it is true, would still lag behind, not merely the famous Continental bells, but also Big Ben the unfortunate. But it would far outweigh the Toms of Oxford and of Lincoln (Harry of Canterbury is but an infant, though an aged one), and it would outstrip Peter of York sufficiently to correspond properly to the respective dignity of the two Lord Mayors. The inferiority to Westminster may be thought to be a graceful concession to the sister city. Besides, the unnamed bell, which is yet in the furnace of the future, must by courtesy be supposed to be without a flaw, and a flawless bell of twelve tons can certainly make more noise than a flawed one (if it be flawed) of fourteen. It was this same flaw, however, that really developed this present battle of the bells. Into this branch of the fight we absolutely decline to enter. The flaws of Big Ben are the subject of what used to be called in Scotland a "ganging plea," both in the literal and the metaphorical sense. Big Ben is the Schleswig-Holstein of matters campanological—a thing which, when the wise man hears of, he stops his ears and runs away swiftly. The main question is whether Canon Gregory's desire for a really big bell is to be gratified or not. If not, it is scarcely likely to be for want of money. Whether the resources of science are equal nowadays to the casting of a really good and large bell is one of the vexed questions (though the participle is hardly wanted, for all questions relating to bells are vexed) of the subject. But it seems that a bell of the desired bigness could be got for between two and three thousand pounds, and more than half the money is promised already. There is the tower ready; there is the peal to which a really big bell is, if not a necessary adjunct, at any rate a handsome appurtenance. As yet, however, rather cold water has been thrown on Canon Gregory and his bell. Even Sir Edmund Beckett, either out of fondness for "Ben" or from a natural desire to be in opposition, discountenances the idea. Two "Bens" summoning London to take note of the flight of time would, he thinks, be "an unnecessary competition of noises." Now it is to be noticed that in his original proposal Canon Gregory does not clearly indicate the destiny of the big bell. If it were to be merely struck mechanically with a hammer to note the hours, there would certainly be something of an unnecessary competition of noises. But if it were to be regularly rung, as Big Ben is not, the enthusiasm of the bell-lovers and the rage of the bell-haters within hearing of it would be very much increased, and it would have a *raison d'être* at once. A "Provincial Incumbent," who has written on the matter apparently with some knowledge, says that even the present five-tonner is not regularly rung, and suggests that quite enough noise could be got out of that. Here also Sir Edmund Beckett is in opposition. The five-tonner is a very bad five-tonner, he says; but, if it were recast and thickened (which it might be with the money promised), it might be made very good. So that there are three propositions before the world—the original proposition of the Chapter for a really big bell, the proposition of the "Provincial Incumbent" that more should be got out of the existing bell, and the proposition of Sir Edmund Beckett that the present bell should be recast and thickened. Perhaps we may add a fourth, which is, that things should be left as they are, though this proposition does not express any idea of our own on the subject.

We own to a very decided liking for bells. There is no sound,

as has been already said, which seems so appropriate at once to the noises of the town and to the silence of the country, none which is so little of a disturbance as an accompaniment to business and so much of an assistance to dreamy idleness. It does not, like ordinary instrumental or vocal music, distract the attention of the writer; and the reader, to judge from our experience, reads all the more easily and pleasantly for it. The only occupation to which bells may be said to be something of a hindrance is conversation, and we fear that, as a general rule, the average voice of the bells is apt to be much better worth listening to than the average human cry, as the Laureate poetically calls it, or, to put it less amiably, the average human chatter. There is, moreover, a certain appropriateness in the completion of this part of the apparatus of the City Cathedral at the present time. Lord Beaconsfield has just told us that London is a much less dull place than he can remember it as being forty or fifty years ago; it is only fair to add that it is, on the whole, a less hideous place and perhaps a less noisy one. The improvements which have been introduced all round St. Paul's are not altogether according to knowledge, and they have swept away not a few things that are much to be regretted. But at any rate the Embankment and some other novelties approach the ideal of the ornaments of a great city somewhat nearer than the average architectural features of the same localities did half a century, or even a quarter of a century, ago. Far be it from us to speak with unmixt commendation of wood and asphalt pavement and of underground railways. But the former have at any rate reduced what was at one time the intolerable roar of the streets to a gentler key, capable of being pleasantly dominated by bell music; and the latter have so far cleared the pavements that it is possible to walk in a contemplative manner without having some one's boot on one's corns and some one's elbow in one's ribs every second. There could be worse accompaniments to the river view from the Embankment on a winter night or in an autumn sunset than the peal of the bells of St. Paul's, duly interlarded with solo discourse either from Canon Gregory's big bell, or from a bell of such different bigness as the wisdom of campanologists may determine upon and the skill of bell-founders construct. But then we must agree with the "Provincial Incumbent" that the bells, and particularly the bell, must be used according to knowledge. In the words of the famous jingle, it is necessary for the *clocha clochabilis* to *clochare clochative*, and not merely to boom antagonistically to Benjamin in what Sir Edmund Beckett, whose competence in this particular department is not deniable, appropriately calls a competition of noises. Whatever Sir Edmund does or does not know, a competition of noises is a thing in which he is an expert.

Much more battle may be expected on the subject of this unborn bell, even if his unfortunate, though actually existing rival should be kept out of the memorial. His voice is obviously not anticipated with pleasure in Printing House Square, which is indeed sufficiently near his cradle. All the bell-founders will fight for the honour of ushering him into the world; and, when this fight is over, all the unsuccessful bell-founders and their literary friends will not for some time be tired of discovering his infantine defects, and of asserting how much better they could have done it. His name, as in the case of other infants, will be a matter of fierce controversy. No one knows why "Tom" should have been twice selected for great bells, despite the tremendous sentence passed by Dryden on the name. Indeed, Tom of Oxford is said to have been christened Mary, and how the metamorphosis of names and sexes was effected is a mystery. Southey's suggestion of Peter as an obvious accompaniment to Bell has been carried out at York, though the reference may be presumed to be rather to the local saint than to the author of the *Excursion*. But quite enough familiar names remain to furnish materials for the controversy. After all, the bell is at present only half subscribed for and not half decided upon, so it may be premature to consider these matters. Let us hope that, if he ever comes into existence, he will not be cracked, will not bring the tower about the ears of the women's tailors in St. Paul's Churchyard, will not drive any industrious apprentice to suicide or bad courses, owing to an incapacity of concentrating his attention on the columns of his ledger, and will keep in tune and time, and all other things which a good bell should keep in.

THE GENEVAN BIBLE WITH TOMSON'S NEW TESTAMENT.

WE resume the history of Laurence Tomson's version of the New Testament (see *Saturday Review*, November 6, 1880) at the point when it was first annexed to the Genevan Old Testament. For eleven years, from 1576 to 1587 inclusive, it had been printed eight times in a separate form; and it must have been owing to its growing popularity that the idea suggested itself to the publisher to issue this translation as part of the quarto Genevan Bible in place of the older version of 1560. And here it is necessary to caution our readers against a mistake made by Lea Wilson in calling the folios of 1576 and 1577 Tomson's. This mistake has been copied in the new edition of Lowndes. We have seen these books, and they are both pure Genevans.

As we have formerly seen, the popularity of the book could scarcely have been owing to any changes introduced in the text, which were such as would scarcely have been noticed. It must, therefore, be attributed to the notes, which, as has been said, were entirely different from, and much more numerous than, those in the New Testament of the old Genevan translation. It was in the year

1587 that the first edition of this amalgamation appeared, and the same printer's name appears in all the editions which were published—and that in about equal numbers of the old and new form, the number of Tomson's being somewhat greater than that of the others, till both at once and finally ceased.

These two sets of editions, such at least as were issued in a quarto form, are easily distinguished from each other, as the Genevans pure are all of them in black letter, whereas the Tomsons are in Roman character. The pure Genevans also have no embellishments, whilst those with Tomson's New Testament have several woodcuts inserted on the pages, somewhat capriciously, as whole parts of the Old Testament are without them, and others have several inserted on a single sheet with descriptions annexed to them. The Genevan-Tomsons have also a curious table of the prohibitions of marriage arranged in two parallel columns at Levit. xviii. 6—one of consanguinity, the other of affinity—taken from the Bishops' Bible of 1568. The headings at the top of the pages seldom vary from the Genevan except by a few unimportant changes or omissions. But amongst these omissions is not *The inconvenience of dancing*, which figures over the head of the chapter of St. Mark which describes the death of St. John Baptist. The woodcuts very nearly resemble those of the edition printed at Geneva by Crispin in 1568. Again, all the pure Genevans printed in England from 1579 forwards contain the Summary and the Questions, but these do not appear in any of the Tomsons. We speak thus positively because Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol has examined all the copies of these works, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five, which are in his possession, for the special purpose of ascertaining these points for us, and his accuracy is entirely to be relied on. In all these editions the whole text and notes of Tomson's version were incorporated, even the distinction of type between the notes which are Beza's, and those which are not selected from his Latin translation, being constantly preserved; Beza's notes being in Roman, the others, which are interspersed with them, being in italic type. It is to these notes of Beza's in all probability that the Tomsons owed their superior popularity to the Genevans proper.

We gave in our recent article on "The Breeches Bible" a specimen of some of the notes illustrative of the general Calvinistic tone of the volume. It must not be supposed, however, that the notes were all of this character. On the contrary, the great majority of them were simply explanatory, and had no direct reference to doctrine, and even those which were doctrinal were not apparently written in a controversial spirit. They merely took for granted that their readers were Calvinists, and explanations of hard passages were made upon that hypothesis, and seem to fit naturally into their places. In Beza's Latin version, however, the notes are distinctly controversial, and so is the selection from them which was made and translated by Laurence Tomson; and the probable intention was to educate people in Calvinistic doctrine, and to supply them with answers to objections which might be urged against it. A good instance of this contrast is supplied in the respective notes of the two editions to the verse 1 Cor. ix. 27:—

But I beate down my body and bring it into subjection, least by any means after that I have preached to others I myself should be reproved.

Here the use of the word *reproved* as a rendering of *δόκιμος*, instead of *reprobate*, has been fairly characterized by Dr. Eadie as a cowardly version. The note appended by the translators is as follows:—

Let he should be reproved of men, when they should see him doe contrarie, or contemne that thing which he taught others to do.

The note in Tomson's edition is as follows:—

The word *Reproved* is not set as contrary to the word *Elect*, but as contrary to the word *Approved* when we see one by experience not to be such an one as he ought to be.

The same unmitigated Calvinism appears throughout the whole of the volume. Thus, on Romans ix. 20, we have the following:—

The apostle doth not answer that it is not God's will, or that God doth not either reject or elect according to his pleasure, which thing the wicked call blasphemy, but he rather granteth his adversary both the antecedents, to wit, that it is God's will and that it must of necessity so fall out, yet he denieth that God is therefore to be thought an unjust revenger of the wicked: for, seeing it appeareth by manifest proof that this is the will of God and his doing, what impudence is it for man, which is but dust and ashes, to dispute with God and as it were to call him into judgment! Now, if any man say that this doubt is not so dissolved, I answer that there is no surer demonstration in any matter, because it is grounded upon this principle—That the will of God is the rule of righteousness.

In like manner, in the same chapter, the Genevan version has only the following brief explanation of the 15th verse:—

As the only will and purpose of God is the chief cause of election and reprobation: so his free mercy in Christ is an inferior cause of salvation and the hardening of the heart an inferior cause of damnation.

Of course it would be impossible to express the doctrine intended in more definite language. It is short, but distinct; whereas the notes in this chapter, defending the same doctrine, in Tomson's edition run to a great length. We shall extract only one as a specimen; it is on verse 17:—

Now he answereth concerning the reprobate or them whom God hateth being not yet borne, and hath appointed to destruction without any respect of unworthiness. And first of all he proveth this to be true by alleging the testimony of God himself touching Pharaoh, whom he stirred up to this purpose that he might be glorified in his hardening and just punishing.

We need not quote any further specimens in illustration of this point. Any one who wishes to verify it for himself may easily find much more to the same purpose in any of the numerous editions of this Bible which were issued between 1587 and 1598. They all exactly resemble each other. But in this latter year a curious change was introduced, evidently with the view of creating in people's minds a greater abhorrence of Popery. In this year there was an edition published, of which the Old Testament is dated 1598 and the New 1597, in which, at the end of the book, between the last page of the Revelation and the "Brief Table" which usually follows, are inserted 22 pages of another translation of the Revelation, with copious annotations by Franciscus Junius. It seems to have been an afterthought, for no notice is taken of this on the title-page, and the catchword—*A Brieve*—is on the preceding page, evidently showing that the Brief Table was meant to follow immediately. Nevertheless, this version must have been printed in the form in which it appears, in order to match the Tomson quarto Bibles. This version is sometimes met with separately. It never had a title, but consists of 24 pages, the last page being vacant, and p. 23 with a colophon, "Imprinted at London by Richard Field for Robert Dexter, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Brasen serpent. 1594." It is headed, "The Revelation of Saint John the Apostle and Evangelist with a brieve and learned Commentarie, Written by Franc. Junius," &c. The translation varies almost in every verse from any known version, and was made with the help of Beza's Latin text, the translator using his own discretion as to variations. He appears to stick closer to Beza than either the Genevans or Tomsons do. The notes are very numerous, those of Beza and others being printed first, in italics, and followed by those of F. Junius, in Roman type, translated from those which were printed in Latin in the revision of the Bible by Tremellius and Junius. The references to the notes of Beza are by means of letters—(a), (b), (c), &c.—and those to F. Junius's notes are by figures—1, 2, 3, &c.—with F. Junius printed at the commencement of each chapter to distinguish them; just as in Beza's Latin version, as published by Tremellius and Junius, they are headed by the letter F. The New Testament of this Latin version was preceded by a dedication addressed to Walsingham by Junius, dated at Heidelberg, 1589, and was first published in an English translation in 1592. It is remarkable that this version was again inserted in the edition of 1601, and not, as far as we know, afterwards, though the notes were from this time forward adopted in the editions which appeared subsequently, and from 1601 onwards the title-pages of these quartos specify this addition in the words *Together with the Annotations of Fr. Junius upon the revelation of S. JOHN*. These editions contain precisely the same notes as appeared in the separate issue of Junius on the Revelation, but they are arranged in different order, those of Beza being interspersed with those of Junius, and being distinguished by the letters of reference, though not always, as they ought to have been, by the difference of type.

The notes of Junius differ entirely from those of the Genevan version, though their *animus* as against Rome is pretty much the same. If the earlier Genevans speak of the locusts in Rev. ix. 3 as representing "false teachers, heretikes, and worldly subtil prelates, with monkes, friers, cardinals, patriarches, archbishops, bishops, doctors, bachelers, and masters which forsake Christ to mainteyne false doctrine," this edition by Tomson comments on the next verse as follows:—

Here that power of the devils is particularly described according to their actions and the effectes of the same. Their actions are sayed to be bounded by the counsell of God, both because they hurt not all men, but only the reprobate (for the godly and elect in whome there is any part of a better life God gardeth by his decree) whom Christ shall not have sealed in this verse; and also because they neither had all power nor at all times, &c. The time is for five monethes or for an hundred and fiftie dayes, that is, for so manie yeares in which the devils have indeed mightily perverted all things in the world, &c. Now this space is to be accounted from the end of that thousand yeares mentioned chap. xx. 3, and that is from the Popedome of that Gregorie the seventh a most monstrous Necromancer who before was called Hildebrandus Senensis; for this man being made altogether of impiety and wickednesse, as a slave of the devill whom he served was the most wicked firebrand of the world, &c.

The best idea, however, of the tone of the whole notes and paraphrase may be gained from the page prefixed to the Revelation in the editions of 1599 and subsequent issues. It professes to give "The order of time whereunto the Contents of this booke are to be referred." The following is a fair specimen:—

The yeere of Christ 1217. The Dragon vexeth the world 150 yeeres unto Gregory the IX. who writ the Decretals and most cruelly persecuted the Emperour Frederick the second.

1295. The dragon killeth the Prophets after 1260 yeeres when Boniface the viij. was Pope who was the author of the sixt booke of the Decretals; hee excommunicated Philip the French King.

And the minutest details are made to fit into the general exposition given. Thus the note on the word *scarlet* in Rev. xvii. 4 is as follows:—

A scarlet colour, that is with a red and purple garment, and surely it was not without cause that the Romish clergie were so much delighted with this colour.

Another singularity in the editions of 1599 is that they omit the Apocrypha for the first time since the Bible had been printed in English. There are fourteen different editions of this date, and every one of them omits it, though it is specified in the List of Books. All the succeeding quartos have the Apocrypha, as also have the editions of the Genevan proper printed in England in folio, quarto, and octavo. We cannot explain this fact; but it looks like an

unsuccessful attempt at the end of the sixteenth century to get rid of the Apocrypha from the English Bible. And it is worth noticing that the folio edition of the Genevan Bible, published at Amsterdam in 1640, omits the Apocrypha, substituting two leaves for it which contain an admonition of the Synod of Dort explaining why it is left out.

As regards the comparative popularity of the two works, the Genevan proper and the Genevan-Tomson, it is difficult to pronounce. The quarto editions which have notes are in numbers nearly equal, running over the whole period of forty years, from 1576 to 1616. But it is remarkable that the preference seems to have been given to Tomson's revised text of the New Testament when it was printed without the notes. Thus, of twenty-eight editions, exclusive of Whittingham's of 1557, only two are Genevans proper, and about half of them are without notes; whilst of those in a folio form Tomson's altogether supplanted the other after 1592. After 1611 the Authorized Version at present in use distanced all competition, there having been as many as thirty-nine different editions of the whole Bible or of the New Testament in ten years, up to 1620 inclusive.

And now for a few words on the historical aspect of the case. During the Primacy of Matthew Parker little seems to have been done beyond attempts to enforce an outward conformity to rule, and the state of things of which the Queen complained in November 1569, that people did not go to church or receive the sacraments, was probably worse at the accession of Grindal to the see of Canterbury. The Council had said that of this state of things "no one cause was more manifest than an universal oversight and negligence of the Bishops." It is evident that Grindal was anxious to promote a revival of religion after a Puritan fashion, as is manifested by his defence of "the Exercises," which led to his suspension by the Queen. And it was quite at the beginning of his Primacy, and probably under his auspices, that two nearly simultaneous attempts were made to disseminate Calvinistic doctrines by means of the Bibles commonly used in families. Thus, in the first year of his Primacy, Tomson, under the patronage of Walsingham, that great abettor of Puritanism, sent forth his New Testament, and three years afterwards the Calvinistic Questions were added to the editions of the Genevan Bible. This was done probably with the sanction of Leicester, for in the year preceding he had paid a visit as Chancellor of the University to Oxford, and in the same year, with the first issue of the Questions, that University had ordered the works of Calvin, Bullinger, and other treatises of the same school, to be used as text-books for the extirpation of heresy. Neither is it without significance that the folio edition of the Genevan Bible of 1578 was issued with an amended Prayer-Book, which forms part of the book, as the signatures at the bottom of the page show. In this Prayer-Book the word *Priest* in the few places of the Elizabethan Prayer-Book, in which it had been left, was altered into *Minister*—i.e. seven times in the Morning Prayer and eight times at Evensong. It also omits the Office of the Private Baptism of Infants and that for Confirmation.

Another indication of what was going on may be found in the insertion in the ordinary Genevan Bibles after 1579 of Robert F. Herrey's two Indices, the latter calling attention to doctrinal texts in such words as *election*, *predestination*, &c., with a Preface to the Christian reader, dated December 22, 1578, in which the writer hopes that his readers and he may "bring forth such fruits as may declare our undoubted election in Christ Jesus." In this connexion it must be remembered also that Walsingham founded a new Lectureship on Theology in 1586, for the express purpose of widening the breach between Rome and England. In speaking of this, Antony Wood complains that from henceforth, owing to the efforts of Leicester and Walsingham, Oxford theology took a new form, as if there were a second reformation of the Reformed Religion in England. It is perhaps worth while to observe that P. Loseler Villierius, who figures on the title of Tomson's editions, was presented to a Doctor's degree by the University in the same year, 1576, in which his first edition was published. His real name was L'Oyselieur, Seigneur de Villers. Leicester lived on till 1583, and Walsingham till 1590, long enough to see their efforts crowned with success, and the Church of England, apparently hopelessly buried in Calvinism, and quite prepared to adopt the Lambeth Articles of 1595, sanctioned by both Archbishops and the Bishop of London, if the Queen had not peremptorily stopped them. This was the state of things from which the strong hand of Laud recovered the Church of England, and laid the foundations of all the changes subsequently introduced by the divines of the Savoy Conference.

OYSTERS.

THERE is no doubt that Tilburina was right, and that an oyster may be crossed in love. The present generation has indeed succeeded in crossing vast numbers of oysters in love, and very lamentable has the result been. The conditions necessary for the increase of the species have been interfered with, and the pleasures of love and the hope of posterity—to borrow an expression from Macaulay—denied to many an oyster. Owing to over-dredging and disregard of close time, the best liked of shell-fish cannot breed properly on our coasts, and in consequence there has been for some time past an oyster famine, which seems to grow worse and worse. Like cigars, oysters have become

enormously dearer of late; and, unlike cigars, they are appreciated and liked by all. Dr. Richardson and other wise people, and a good many excellent people, think that it would be well for mankind if the supply of tobacco were to come to an end; but no human being, at least no rational human being, could think without the deepest pain of a total cessation of the supply of oysters.

Such a cessation, however, so far as regards the coasts of this country, seems only too likely. The increasing scarcity has long attracted attention, and four years ago a Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the condition of the Oyster Fisheries, and made in their Report a series of recommendations, some of which were carried out by legislation. These have had no beneficial result whatever. In spite of paternal government, oysters continue to diminish in number, and if the present rate of diminution continues, there will, before any very huge period has elapsed, be no natives at all. The causes of the failure of legislation and of this steady diminution are not hard to ascertain, and have been very clearly stated in a pamphlet on the Deterioration of Oyster and Trawl Fisheries in England (Elliot Stock) which appeared a few weeks ago, and seems scarcely to have met with the attention it deserved. It is the work of two writers, Mr. J. P. Hore and Mr. E. Gex. With the remarks of the latter, who speaks of the trawl fisheries, we do not propose at present to deal, as we wish to confine ourselves to the question of the oyster supply. Respecting this Mr. Hore has a good deal to say that is worth attention. He begins in the orthodox fashion by giving a short history, taken from original sources, of the oyster fisheries and of the measures taken to prevent the fishermen from over-dredging the beds. Our ancestors were even fonder of these shell-fish than we are, and indeed oysters formed no inconsiderable portion of the diet of Londoners three centuries ago. Very great, therefore, must have been the consternation felt when, early in the seventeenth century, they rose from 4d. to 1s. a bushel, defying the edict of a Lord Mayor of London who had settled for good what their value was to be. Mr. Hore refers to a proclamation made in 1418 by one Sevenoke, then Lord Mayor, fixing the price of oysters at 4d. per bushel, and so long as the supply was plentiful, this seems to have been the regular price. After the lapse of two centuries the supply failed in part, and, all regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the value of oysters rose, as has been stated, and continued to rise, until in 1634 they cost 8s. a bushel—a terrible price, according to the ideas of the time. This rise, which was naturally viewed with extreme disgust by a generation of oyster-eaters, was attributed to the large exportation of shell-fish, in which "Flemings" were principally concerned. The Admiralty, which seems to have shared with the Lord Mayor a special jurisdiction over oysters, made ordinances prohibiting this trade, and from time to time efforts were made to enforce them; and so much alarm did the scarcity create that in 1637 the Council deemed it necessary to stimulate the zeal of the Lords of the Admiralty, and, in consequence, the most stringent orders were issued to Sir Henry Marten, the Judge of the Admiralty, and others to cause ships engaged in the trade to be stopped and to commit the owners to prison. All this appears to have been of no avail. Poor fishermen, for the sake of immediate gain, took the chance of imprisonment, and in many cases means were found to elude the regulations. The King issued special licences, giving permission to export oysters for the Queen of Bohemia and the Prince of Orange. His Majesty did not of course specify how many oysters these royal personages were likely to eat; and, under pretext of supplying their very remarkable appetites, large quantities were shipped, with the exportation of which even the Admiralty had no power to interfere.

Sir Henry Marten issued in 1638 a report to the Council on the scarcity of oysters, based on information obtained from "the vice-admirals of the countries of Essex and Kent," and the jurors at certain courts which had been held to investigate the question. This document, written in the quaint fashion of the time, Mr. Hore gives in full, and very instructive reading it certainly is to those who are interested in the matter. He attributes the scarcity of oysters to the reckless manner in which the fishing has been conducted, in order to meet the constantly increasing demand for London, and to supply the foreign market represented by the Queen of Bohemia, the Prince of Orange, "and their household." To check an evil which is growing worse and worse, he suggests that the taking of young oysters shall be strictly forbidden, and that in the Essex fisheries not more than "a thousand halfe barrels" shall be "barrelled up in any one weeke." He further suggests that some limit shall be placed on the consumption of those royal devourers, the Queen and the Prince, who were fairly eating up the oyster supplies of a nation. How far the recommendations of Sir Henry Marten were carried out it is not easy to ascertain; but the question is comparatively unimportant. An indirect consequence of the great historical events which occurred shortly after the time of his report was most effectually to maintain and increase the supply of oysters. "During the Commonwealth," says Mr. Hore, "our natural oyster-beds enjoyed in a great measure the luxury of a jubilee, as, owing to our naval wars with the Dutch, the majority of the dredgers were impressed to man the Channel Fleet. This respite produced the most salutary effects; it gave our oyster-fisheries a chance to recover; so much so that sometime prior to the Restoration, the supplies became much more plentiful, if not absolutely abundant, and prices again returned to their minimum value." Mr. Hore is indeed an enthusiast with regard to his beloved shell-

fish, for he apparently does not consider the renewal of the supply as too dearly bought by a great war. "This happy state of affairs"—to wit plenty caused by war—"did not," he pathetically observes, "last long." Over-dredging, the taking of immature oysters, and the violation of close time recommenced with peace, and oysters again became scarce and dear. The bad system of fishing which caused this seems to have lasted for some time, but late in the century effectual measures were taken to put a stop to it. Restrictions were imposed on over-dredging, a strict observance of close time was enforced, and in consequence cheapness and abundance once more prevailed, and tavern-keepers and their customers were content.

With oysters, as with mankind, history repeats itself. Now, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, we have the same visitation which afflicted our ancestors. The object of Mr. Hore's historical chapters, of which we have given a brief sketch, is to show that the oyster famine of the seventeenth century was due to precisely the same causes as have produced that which now unhappily prevails. The great demand for the fish led fishermen to over-dredge, to clear out beds without leaving a sufficient reserve, and to fish in close time. The consequence was that the fisheries became barren. A huge demand, stimulating the greed of poor men who of course think only of the moment, has led in our own time to precisely similar results. The oyster grounds have grown more and more bare, and before very long we shall probably be dependent entirely on the foreign supply. How inferior foreign oysters, including even those from America, are to natives need hardly be said, and there is assuredly no need to point out how desirable it is that measures should be taken to prevent oysters from becoming extinct on our coast. As to what those measures should be there will probably be considerable difference of opinion. Those which have been taken up to the present time have proved useless, and it is clear that other and more stringent regulations are required. According to Mr. Hore, who is evidently well acquainted with the subject, "the maintenance of a sufficient parent stock in the natural beds" is the essential precaution which must be taken if a proper supply is to be kept up; and to the neglect of this, he says, the present depletion is due. Apparently the beds can only be maintained in a satisfactory state by keeping them stocked with the indigenous shell-fish. Foreign oysters have been relaid on parts of our coasts, but the oyster has, it seems, tastes and preferences like creatures of more complex development, and—whatever his mysterious method of breeding may be—he steadily declines to follow it in strange bays, or, at least if he does breed, his progeny refuse to remain in alien waters, and, in some manner not yet understood of man, take themselves off. With natives it is very different. "There is hardly an instance on record," says Mr. Hore, "where protection has been afforded to a native bed, even though it were sparsely stocked, that it did not gradually pick up, and, after being let alone for a few years, asserted its recuperation. It is therefore obvious that the best means to adopt with a view of replenishing our natural oyster-grounds, and restoring an exhausted fishery and making it a prosperous one, is to preserve inviolate the remnants of any stock which may happen to escape the ruthless destroyer; or, if that course be unattainable, to obtain supplies from grounds as near in geological features, depth, and temperature as the one it is intended to replenish."

What constitutes a parent stock, and how its preservation is to be enforced by law, are of course difficult questions; but it is better to grapple with difficult questions than to let natives disappear altogether, and a Government which has produced a Ground Game Bill, and has certainly no undue regard for vested rights, may well be asked to preserve oysters by some heroic legislation from indiscriminate destruction. Arguments have, it is true, been brought forward in favour of that unlimited dredging which leaves the ground almost bare; but, to show what their nature is, it is only necessary to refer to one of them. It has been alleged that, unless the beds are kept "clean" by constant dredging, the five-fingers, the whelks, the tunicles, and other objectionable creatures will destroy the oysters. In other words, unless the beds are cleaned by taking out of them all the oysters and parasites, the latter will prey on the former. Oysters are to be exterminated in order to exterminate the parasites. This remarkable view certainly resembles that of the parent who cut his little boy's head off to cure him of squinting; and it would be a waste of time to refute the arguments of those who are capable of committing themselves to such nonsense. That over-dredging, and especially dredging in close time, is one of the principal causes of the present scarcity seems beyond a doubt, and though there may be considerable difficulty in putting a stop to it, some effort should be made to preserve natives for the delight of rich and poor alike. A legislative measure on the subject would be acceptable to both parties, provided it were not timidly drawn. Tories would be gratified by legislation which resembled that of our ancestors, who, as has been shown, made several attempts to put a stop to the indiscriminate destruction of oysters; and Liberals would like the proposed law, as being high-handed and despotic. Another legislative measure, of a different kind, we will venture to suggest as a corollary to this one. In one respect a beneficial result might have been expected from the oyster famine. The raw oyster is infinitely superior to the raw mussel; but, on the other hand, the cooked mussel is, as the French found out long ago, very much better than the cooked oyster; and it was not perhaps too much to expect that, when oysters became very dear, English cooks would find out the merits of the mussel; but English cooks are a stubborn race. Might

they not, however, be forced to learn? Might not the legislators who have said that under no circumstances whatever shall the landlord have the ground game say that under no circumstances shall oysters be cooked, and make dressing them punishable by fine and imprisonment? How much good would be the result of such a law! Excellent food hitherto neglected would be introduced at monotonous English tables, and the destruction of oysters would be necessarily to some extent checked.

THE SCOTCH BANKS.

THE three chartered Scotch banks—the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company—have just taken a step which it is to be hoped will lead to the general adoption of the limited liability principle by the banks north of the Tweed, and ultimately by those of the whole United Kingdom. The ruin inflicted upon so many families by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank brought home in a startling fashion to the investing public the formidable risk attaching to the holding of shares in an unlimited bank. A single share, yielding, it might be, only ten or twelve, or, at the outside, twenty or twenty-five, pounds a year, exposed a man to the risk of losing everything he possessed in the world should the bank fail. Nay, worse, a trustee, who derived no benefit at all from the investment, or an executor, who at a great expenditure of time gave his attention to the winding-up the affairs of a deceased friend, was also exposed to ruin if a share in an unlimited bank happened to form part of the trust estate. It is quite clear that no sensible man would consent to act as trustee or executor on such terms; and it is equally clear that, to the prudent investor, the risk was out of proportion to the chance of gain. A deterioration of bank proprietary bodies was, therefore, foreseen to be the inevitable result of this state of the law. To prevent it Parliament passed an Act enabling banks to register as limited liability Companies. Several of the English banks at once availed themselves of this statute, and several Irish banks followed the example; but, strange to say, not a single Scotch bank has yet done so, though it was the failure of a Scotch bank, and the consequent suffering of Scotch shareholders, which induced the passing of the Act. The explanation is simple enough. The three older Scotch banks named above were founded by Royal Charter, just as the Bank of England was, and, like it, are limited in liability to the amount of their shares. And, as these shares are fully paid up, the total risk of an investor is measured exactly by the price he pays for his shares. The shares may cease to yield income, but nothing worse can happen to him. Yet, while this was so, the banks were not obliged to write the word "limited" after their names. If, however, any of the unlimited banks register under Sir S. Northcote's Act, they must write this word after their names; and they fear that this "ticketing" would place them at a disadvantage in the fierce competition they have to sustain. Every visitor to Scotland must have been struck by the intensity of that competition. Those, for example, who were attracted to Oban last summer by the splendour of the weather and the facilities for travelling afforded by the opening of the new line from Stirling, cannot have failed to notice that even in so small a place there are no fewer than four banks; and at Rothsay, if we remember rightly, there are three. The competition, therefore, not only at the great centres of industry, but at every point throughout the country, is intense. This competition can only be maintained by means of the deposits, and if the word "limited" should inspire ever so little distrust in the minds of depositors, the banks registering under the Act would find themselves at a great disadvantage in the struggle for existence. There is much force in this consideration, yet we venture to think it has been allowed too much weight in the minds of bank managers. If any bank had cause to fear a change, it was, one would say, the National Provincial Bank of England, which has to sustain the keen competition of London by means of deposits collected at its branches scattered all over the country. The rural population of England is less educated than the rural population of Scotland, and therefore less capable of understanding the transformation; yet the National Provincial has become limited, and, we believe we are justified in saying, without suffering from the change. It may be true that the National Provincial is not exposed to the same fierce competition as the Scotch banks; but we may point to the Irish banks which have registered, and which work under conditions very similar to those under which the Scotch banks work. Nevertheless the managers of the unlimited Scotch banks were unwilling to risk the consequences, and thus Sir S. Northcote's Act seemed to have failed utterly in Scotland. The chartered banks apparently did not need to make a change, and the unlimited would not. At length, however, the chartered banks have put an end to the deadlock.

We believe it is to the guiding spirit of the Royal Bank that the credit of the move is due. This bank has all the advantages of limited liability without needing to ticket itself with the word which so frightens its unlimited competitors, and people assumed, therefore, that it would rest content with its position. But its managers recognized clearly that its position is not in reality so strong as it looks. It has a large capital, it is admirably managed, its deposits are great, and it has all the prestige of antiquity. But its capital is fully paid up, and consequently the more its business grows the wider becomes the disproportion between its deposits and the

capital which is the security for their repayment. The unlimited banks, if they have confidence in their directors, may point to the case of the City of Glasgow Bank, and say to the depositors, It is not likely that such gross and criminal mismanagement will again be seen, but even in that case every creditor of the bank was paid, however the unfortunate shareholders may have suffered. With us, therefore, they may add, you have undoubted security. But with the chartered banks, where are you if the capital should chance to be fooled away? We have above suggested a criticism on this reasoning; but, so far as it affects the chartered banks, it is unanswerable. No institution is so strong that it is proof against every misfortune, and therefore in the long run the doubt would tell with the public. The management of the Royal Bank frankly recognized this, and it has been able to carry the two other banks with it in its proposals of change. Briefly, these are to ask Parliament for power to raise additional capital, which is to be issued in the form of new shares only part of which is to be called up, the remainder constituting a reserve capital, only callable in case the banks are wound up. It has been objected to these proposals that they are clumsy, that they create two distinct kinds of shares—one fully paid up, the other involving a large liability—and that this will cause confusion. The answer to this criticism is that probably nobody is more conscious of the clumsiness than the author of the proposal, but that he could not help himself. Sir S. Northcote's Act had for its object to remedy the evil brought to light by the Glasgow Bank failure; in other words, to enable unlimited Companies to become limited. It does not apply to the three chartered Banks at all; they cannot register under it, being already limited. They have, therefore, no option but to apply for a special Act of Parliament. As for the clumsiness, it is unavoidable. The Banks could not ask Parliament to tack a liability to shares which are now fully paid up, and therefore without liability. Even a shareholders' meeting could not propose such a thing; for women, infants, and absentees generally ought not to be subjected to a liability which did not attach to their shares when they bought or inherited them. The utmost that could be done would be to enable such shareholders as wished it to exchange old shares for new at some rate of exchange which would not be very easily determined. But in truth we fail to see the force of the objection. No doubt uniformity and simplicity are good things in the abstract, but in the actual workaday world variety and incongruity are often preferable. We know of no serious inconvenience that arises out of the fact that Railway Companies' capital consists of Preference, Ordinary, and often, also, of Deferred shares, except that when the latter is too small in amount it affords an opportunity for gambling. But the division of shares into three classes in itself is unobjectionable. Equally so is the division of bank shares into fully and partially paid. It will probably be found that the existing shareholders will subscribe for most of the new shares; but even if they do not, the extension of its connexion will be advantageous to the bank, and will be injurious to no one.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the chartered banks are willing to "ticket" themselves by assuming the word "limited" as part of their name. As the Bill or Bills embodying the proposals have not been made public, it is impossible to decide this point. But we assume that the banks are intelligent enough to know that, whether they like it or not, they must do so. Much pressure was put upon Sir S. Northcote to induce him to drop the word or to substitute some other for it, but in vain. It is true that a different Ministry is now in power; but we apprehend that in such a matter Mr. Gladstone would take the same view as his predecessor at the Exchequer. At any rate, whatever may be his private opinion, it seems impossible that he should make any exception in favour of the three chartered Scotch banks. The National Provincial, the London and Westminster, the London and County, the Royal Bank of Ireland, and several others have to tack the word after their names. So will the unlimited Scotch banks if they register under Sir S. Northcote's Act. It is impossible, when the chartered banks come to Parliament for a favour, that a privilege should be continued to them which they enjoy through an accident or through Royal favour. We assume, therefore, that the three chartered banks, in deciding for reserve liability, have made up their minds to adopt the word "limited"; and, if so, there will no longer be any obstacle in the way of the unlimited banks registering under Sir S. Northcote's Act. One or two of those banks, if we remember rightly, will hold their annual meetings just before Christmas, and much curiosity will be felt as to the course the directors may adopt. They may wait to see how the chartered banks' proposal will fare in Parliament; but, if they are wise, they will accept the inevitable, and recommend their shareholders to register under the Act. Whether they do so or not, however, the general adoption of limited liability cannot now be long postponed. One after another—in England, in Ireland, and now in Scotland—the principal banks are declaring in favour of it, and the others must follow. As regards the Scotch unlimited banks, there ought to be no difficulty, for they were all in favour of the principle of Sir S. Northcote's Bill, declaring only against the "ticketing" and against certain clauses which were dropped. Apart from the limitation of liability, two great advantages would follow were all the unlimited banks to register under the Act. They would all have to submit to a proper audit, and to publish balance-sheets. There are several banks doing a large business in all parts of the United Kingdom whose accounts have never been

subjected to an independent audit; and there are not a few which have never published a balance-sheet. This state of things ought not to continue, and it would be brought to an end by universal registration under Sir S. Northcote's Act. As a matter of course, Parliament will take care that the chartered banks shall submit to an independent audit. They all publish balance-sheets.

THE THEATRES.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has followed his performance of Hamlet at the Princess's by appearing as Richelieu in Lord Lytton's well-known play. His Hamlet showed that he had some of the highest dramatic qualities; but it failed, as every Hamlet must more or less fail, to please all his critics. It is a trite saying that every one has his own pet view of Hamlet; and, besides this, Mr. Booth's version of the part was in some respects curiously at variance with the views taken by the few actors who have within recent years played the character in London with any marked success. That the coldness displayed by the actor at some points in Hamlet where his audiences might have expected passion was, as we supposed, deliberate, is amply proved by the singular power of his Richelieu. In this respect the one part is strangely complementary to the other. The tenderness which was perhaps rather suggested than shown in Hamlet is strongly accented in Richelieu's scenes with Julie de Mortemar, and in the speeches which dwell upon his love for France; and it is in admirable contrast to the more frequent passages of irony, while the power exhibited in the celebrated speech of "the curse of Rome," and at other points to be presently noticed, can hardly be surpassed. While Mr. Booth gives their full meaning to the passages which show the less heroic aspects of the Cardinal's character, he never loses the dignity suggested at his first appearance, and strongly marked in the speech ending "The King must have no goddess but the State—the State—that's Richelieu!" The scene which follows close on this with Julie is, as we have hinted, full of an attractive tenderness; and the actor's manner as he discovers, by apparently careless questioning, Julie's love for Mauprat, is admirable. In fine contrast to this is the stern seriousness of his opening address to Mauprat; and this again is capriciously set off by the humour of the mock sentence which he passes upon the prisoner as he sends him out, guarded by Huguet. The subsequent speech to Mauprat and Julie—"Go, my children; even I loved once! Be lovers while ye may!"—is charged with pathos, and the soliloquy which ends the act is given with true feeling and complete command. The second act contains, as will be remembered, the "business" with the two-handed sword which Richelieu used at La Rochelle and now tries vainly to wield, and the well-known lines which follow it—"Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword." At both these points Mr. Booth's acting was marked by a complete mastery of the science of gesture, and, on the occasion on which we were present, he overcame with singular readiness a difficulty caused by the probably accidental absence of the pen which, according to the stage direction, he lifts as he speaks the words. It is noteworthy that in this scene Mr. Booth, mindful no doubt of the line "Find him the suiting garments, Marion," causes François to appear in a black soutane, which he exchanges in the next act for a soldier's dress. At the end of the act Mr. Booth makes less of the somewhat clap-trap line about the "indomitable heart of Armand Richelieu" than he does of the concluding lines in which the Cardinal shakes off his momentary depression, and makes a sly hit at Joseph's ambition as the two leave the stage. The actor's performance in the third act is full of thought and skill. The courage triumphing over the sudden surprise of Mauprat's assault is admirably indicated, and the dignity of the rebuke, "To thy knees, and crawl for pardon," is overmastering; while a number of fine touches contribute to the effect of the stratagem which displays the Cardinal's ready resource in the midst of apparently insurmountable danger. The great scene of the fourth act is of course anxiously waited for and watched, and in this the power of Mr. Booth's performance, following and combined with the striking merits upon which we have already dwelt, cannot but stamp him as an actor of the highest mark. Nothing could well be finer than the preceding scene with the King and courtiers, and a strangely daring and effective touch is found in the wolf-like snarl with which Richelieu, overpowered for once by his conflicting emotions, turns on Baradas. The skill, the passion, and the power displayed throughout the act are so remarkable that the player might well be pardoned if something of an anti-climax were found, as in Mr. Booth's case it is not found, in the succeeding and last act, in which the Cardinal suddenly wakes from utter prostration to trample on the King's enemies and take up again the reins which have been wrested from him. There is nothing in the play to show clearly how far the author intended this prostration to be feigned, but it may be supposed that it was, at any rate, not wholly assumed; and Mr. Booth's acting suggests the notion that the Cardinal is, in fact, harassed nearly to death with anxiety and the chance of utter defeat, but has a reserve of power to draw upon in case of the victory which comes.

We have tried to give an idea of some of the more striking points in Mr. Booth's admirable performance, throughout which the beauty of his diction and delivery was remarkable. It would

be difficult, however, to give an adequate idea of the many fine touches which exhibit the actor's complete resource and knowledge of his art. As in the case of *Hamlet*, the stage management was excellent. It is Mr. Booth's misfortune that he is for the most part very ill supported. The performance of Mauprat, especially, might be "recommended to a friend" as a model of what to avoid. Miss Gerard's Julie is ineffective. Mr. Ryder's Joseph stands out as a thoroughly capable performance.

The Road to Ruin has been revived at Sadler's Wells, where Mr. Charles Warner appears in the part of young Dornton, a character in which he produced a strong impression some few years ago. His performance gives us a fuller notion of his strength as an actor than any in which we have before seen him. The emotion to be depicted in what are, as far as young Dornton is concerned, the capital scenes, is more complex than in the case of Claude Melnotte. The actor has to show a man who has strung himself up by the aid of wine to do a thing against which his whole nature revolts, to save his father from the ruin with which the son's extravagances threaten him. He is convinced that his marrying the rich widow is the only method in which he can atone for his past faults, and he has made up his mind to do it against every suggestion of what is really his better nature. In the scene of the half-drunken proposal, and in the one immediately preceding it, Mr. Warner's acting was at once admirably strong and admirably restrained. The suggestion of conflicting passions, working partly in consequence of and partly underneath the excitement caused by copious draughts of Burgundy, was as good as possible. The intoxication was marked, but never exaggerated; and the player commanded the sympathies of his audience throughout the scene. The capacity for giving a simple, direct, and strong interpretation of violent emotion, which we have before noted in Mr. Warner's acting, was exhibited in a marked degree; but he showed, in addition, that he could comprehend and render fully a complicated state of feeling, and could exercise a control over himself which is especially valuable in scenes where an actor of strongly emotional temperament may easily be tempted to excess. Mr. Warner's fault in other scenes of the play is that he applies the method, which is here of the greatest value, too indiscriminately to lines and passages which are overweighted by it. The frothy and bombastic sentiments put into the mouth of the paradoxically good-hearted rake, of whom countless prototypes exist in the history of comedy, assume even more falseness than naturally belongs to them when they are delivered with the air of thorough and earnest conviction which Mr. Warner gives to them. This is a fault which is well worth correcting in a performance of great merit, and which might, one would think, be corrected without much difficulty. Miss Isabel Bateman's performance of the heroine strikes one as the more meritorious because it follows closely upon her acting of the widely different part of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. In the earlier scenes Miss Bateman is at once hoydenish and graceful; and in the pathetic passages there is little to find fault with except the same constraint of gesture which we have before noted. Mr. R. Lyons plays Goldfinch, which was, if we remember rightly, the great part of the piece in its early days, with much intention and vigour, and Mr. E. Lyons may be said, to borrow Dr. Johnson's enigmatical speech to Boswell regarding his election to "The Club," to "do what a man can" in the trying part of old Dornton.

Mr. Hollingshead's peculiar vein of humour has lately been exhibited in two instances; first, in his announcing the series of "revivals" which he gives with untiring energy on Wednesday afternoons as "educational matinees"; secondly, in the amusing collocation of press criticisms which he quotes in an advertisement of *Captain Cuttle*. The jest in the latter case is perhaps hardly worthy of Mr. Hollingshead's powers; for, considering the many dramatic performances, morning and evening, now given in London, and the many criticisms necessarily written upon them, it can be no hard matter to find a certain number of points as to which the critics are more or less at variance. The practical jokes of this kind in which the manager of the Gaiety from time to time indulges are not apt to have any offence in them; and in this case his quotations have for the most part little or no bearing upon what is of course the important point in the production criticized—namely, Mr. Florence's performance of Captain Cuttle in "a dramatic sketch" founded on *Dombey and Son*. That the manager himself sees any merit in the playwright's share in this business is hardly credible. That he and the audiences who go to his theatre should see merit in Mr. Florence's acting is natural enough. The American actor showed that he was thoroughly skilful, and had a strong sense of humour, by his performance of Bardwell Slote in a bad play, and perhaps shows it still more by his performance of Captain Cuttle in an even worse play. His rendering of pathos misses the true ring, but avoids condemnation. In the general interpretation of the character he has to meet the same kind of difficulties which beset the illustrator of a familiar book, and he gets over these difficulties, as well as those which arise from his being an American, with much success. Both in Bardwell Slote and in Captain Cuttle Mr. Florence has displayed, besides the merits which belong to a clever and thoroughly practised actor, that indefinable quality by which a player is enabled to create at once a sympathetic feeling between himself and his audience.

Mr. Toole appeared for the first time last Saturday afternoon in an "utter absurdity" written for him by Mr. Byron and called *The Light Fantastic*. No one knows better than Mr. Byron how to write a piece of this kind for Mr. Toole; and no one knows better how to play a piece of this kind than Mr. Toole. The airs

and grimaces, the burlesque jealousy, and the burlesque libertinism of Mr. Slithery were very funny on the first production of the piece, and may probably become even more funny on future occasions. Perhaps the least humorous part of the performance is the song which is introduced much in the same way as a dance was introduced in the melodrama adapted from the French by Nicholas Nickleby for the Crummies company.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE past racing season has been a remarkable one; but it will be chiefly connected in men's memories with the names of two horses—Robert the Devil and Bend Or. These horses had four notable contests, a private arbitration, and very nearly a lawsuit, before their differences were settled; and, although Robert the Devil was eventually proved to be the better of the pair, Bend Or succeeded in winning the Derby. It was certainly an event in the history of the Turf that the Duke of Westminster should win the Derby; and it is a matter of satisfaction, when we look back on the past season, to reflect that the head of a family which has given such generous support to the Turf should have won the great prize of the year. The Duke of Beaufort, who had almost given up racing, won the Two Thousand Guineas; and Lord Falmouth had immense success with his two-year-old Bal Gal. We merely mention these names to show that great noblemen still take a pride in breeding and possessing racehorses of the highest class; and, as long as they do so, there will be an interest taken in racing by many people who never bet, and by not a few who never go to races. Turning our thoughts from these great personages to trainers and betting men, it is satisfactory to remember how honourably men of these professions who owned a well-known horse behaved under somewhat trying circumstances. We do not for a moment mean to imply that a betting man or a trainer would be more likely to behave dishonestly than a peer; but, when we consider how easy it is to win money on the Turf by questionable methods without absolutely infringing racing laws, we cannot help congratulating ourselves when we see men who professedly make their incomes by racing behaving in a straightforward manner, and refusing to avail themselves of any tempting opportunities of winning money unfairly.

We wish that reflections on racing matters could be altogether agreeable; but this, we fear, will never be the case. The end of the season seems a fitting time to make a few observations on a practice which, although no infringement of the rules of racing, we think it impossible to approve. When a man has two horses in a handicap, either of which could probably win, he may declare to win with either of the pair; and, when he has made such a declaration, he is allowed to have the horse which is not running to win pulled up in order to allow the other to pass it. Now this system may be all very well if acted on in a generous spirit; but in too many instances the following is the course of proceeding adopted. The owner waits quietly while the betting public back and lay against his horses. He watches their position in the market, and sends them both to the race meeting without giving any sign or intimation of his intentions with regard to them. Betting men probably know on public form which is the better horse of the pair, and back it accordingly, until it becomes a strong favourite. Now comes the owner's opportunity. He gets a commissioner to back the non-favourite, against which of course he is able to get a long price, and at the start he declares to win with him. Sometimes he scratches the favourite altogether. If the favourite starts, he is deliberately pulled in order to allow the other horse to win, without the least secrecy or shame. So long as the owner has declared to win with the non-favourite, he has not, technically speaking, committed a fraud. It is certainly desirable that, when an owner intends to win with the less fancied of two horses, he should make a declaration to that effect before the race; but that does not at all excuse the practice of virtually withdrawing a horse from a race which he could easily win, for the simple reason that his owner could not back him at long odds. It is contended in reply that a man does not keep racehorses to amuse other people, and that it would be unfair that the public should win money by a horse instead of his owner; but even if we allow considerable scope to this theory, it seems to us unfair, to use a mild term, that an owner should deliberately wait while people are backing his best horse until he is such a strong favourite that the other horse is proportionately low in the betting, and that he should then suddenly back the non-favourite for a large sum, and declare to win with him. We dwell on this point, because not only professional betting men and turfites, but also wealthy men, and sometimes men of high social position, resort to this practice without apparent shame. We do not intend to preach a sermon on the evils of horse-racing. There are malpractices connected with the Turf, such as pulling horses surreptitiously, which are universally condemned, although frequently resorted to; but the proceeding to which we have been objecting by no means meets with general condemnation, and that is our chief reason for noticing it.

In looking back on the past season we may as well notice the finest race of the year. This was the Astley Stakes for two-year-olds, at Lewes. It was not a very important race, but few closer finishes have ever been seen. Nine horses went to the post, and they went away to a capital start. When they were running up from the distance, five horses were abreast, and as they passed the

post, three of them ran a dead heat, the other pair, who ran a dead heat for second place, being only a head behind them. The three leading horses were Scobell, Wandering Nun, and Mazurka; the two others were Cumberland and Thora.

We need not notice the extraordinary ups and downs experienced by the favourites for the Liverpool Cup before the day of the race. At the start Toastmaster was the first favourite. He had won the Select Stakes at the Houghton Meeting, when long odds were laid against him, and he had beaten Mask, Valentino, and Poulet. Prestonpans was the second favourite. This horse had won the Criterion last year, and 6,000*l.* had afterwards been given for him, with the idea that he might win the Derby, but the death of his nominator had disqualified him for that race. Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand, was another horse that was supposed to have a good chance. The three-year-old filly Experiment, who had shown some wonderful form, was another starter; so that altogether the quality of the field was decidedly good. A dozen horses went to the post. White Poppy, who has been singularly unsuccessful since she won the Corporation Stakes both at Brighton and at Doncaster two years ago, made the running. Victor Emmanuel, the winner of the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, followed her closely and took up the running in the straight, when White Poppy was beaten. Toastmaster then went up to him; but as they came up the straight the pair were beaten, and they resigned their places to Petronel and Philammon. But the last-named pair were not destined to have the race all to themselves, for Prestonpans came with a rush as they drew near the winning-post, and he won the race by half a length from Philammon, who was half a length in front of Petronel. Toastmaster and Victor Emmanuel were less than a length behind Petronel. It was a very pretty race.

After his victory at Liverpool it was expected that Prestonpans would be able to win the Great Shropshire Handicap at Shrewsbury. He was to carry 10 lbs. extra, and the course was very holding, but most people thought he would be able to win even under this weight. The Severn had overflowed its banks to an extent unusual even in midwinter floods, and there was snow on the Welsh hills. Still the early part of the afternoon on which the Shropshire Handicap was to be run was fine, and a great many people came to see the race. Prestonpans was looking very well, and it would have been difficult to find a fault with his make and shape. As he was led about the paddock he made the rest of the field look rather second-rate. The enormous Chirper, although too lumbering for racing, is a fine horse. Essayez, who shows some quality, is light and small. Young Duke and Velleda were the second favourites, and Essayez and Speculation were backed most after this pair; 10 to 1 was laid against The Chirper, and 20 to 1 against the queer-tempered hurdle-racer Misenus. Another runner was Sidonia, who had cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling. Although six years old, with only 7 st. 1 lb. on his back, his chance was only estimated at 20 to 1. The horses were very punctual at the post, and they were soon started. Misenus made the running, and he went as if it was one of his "going days." Young Duke was the first horse beaten, and he soon dropped into the rear. At the bend Speculation went up to Misenus, and the pair raced together on the left of the course, close to the rails. Prestonpans was on the right of the course, and as they entered the straight Fordham was sitting very still on him, as if waiting to make one of his well-known rushes. Some distance from the stand he roused his horse, but all to no purpose. The beast either would not or could not "rush," even in the hands of this scientific jockey. Meanwhile Misenus and Speculation were fighting out the race by themselves, and after a very pretty struggle, Misenus, the despised hurdle-racer, won by half a length. He ran for this race a year ago, but was unplaced. As much as 50 to 1 had been then laid against him, but a similar price had been also laid against the winner, Rosy Cross. The field on the late occasion was the smallest that ever ran for a Great Shropshire Handicap. The next morning the frost was so hard that the horses could not take their early canters. When the sun came out, however, the ground soon became soft, and the races were only delayed for about a quarter of an hour. For the Shrewsbury Cup, Rhidorroch, who had won this race last year, was made first favourite. The Star, who had been third to Robert the Devil and Cipolata for the Cesarewitch, was the second favourite. As soon as they were well away, The Star made the running for a short distance, but he was soon pulled back. Antient Pistol then took up the running, and maintained it until he was well into the straight. He now seemed to have the race at his mercy; but suddenly The Star made a tremendous rush, and, making up ground in a wonderful manner, reached Antient Pistol, and even got a trifle in front of him. A hard contest followed, in which Antient Pistol struggled with great gameness, and won by a head. Both the Great Shropshire Handicap and the Shrewsbury Cup were well-contested races, but the weather in which they were run was piercingly cold—cold enough indeed to make sensible people determine to go no more to races this year.

Once again the Middle Park Stud is to be sold, and in a fortnight breeders will have an opportunity of buying fifty mares, twenty-eight foals, and some half-dozen stallions. We have had occasion to notice the ups and downs in the value of certain race-horses which have recently been sold. We may add that Maximilian, who cost 4,100 guineas as a yearling, was sold the week before last for exactly a tithe of that sum—that is to say, at a loss of 3,690 guineas. Gentlemen fond of giving large sums for horses

may still, we believe, purchase Robert the Devil for 12,000 guineas. When we hear of these long prices we recall to our minds the fact that Parmesan, the sire of two successive Derby winners, was purchased for 60 guineas.

We may dismiss the subject of racing for this year by observing that St. Louis, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, has been established as first favourite for the ensuing Derby.

REVIEWS.

WALLACE'S ISLAND LIFE.*

IN his recently published *Island Life* Mr. Wallace has given us a valuable supplement to his *Geographical Distribution of Animals*. Four years' additional thought and research upon the lines laid down in that suggestive work have brought to a completion the general scheme of inquiry which he from the first proposed to himself, and he now propounds, as a clear and definite theory, the results of investigations which might at first sight appear fragmentary and disconnected. Mr. Wallace has entitled himself to be called the father of the new science of zoological geography, showing that we have in the present distribution of living things over the earth's surface a key to the problem of the most ancient relations of land and water. The aggregation of existing faunas and floras in definite assemblages within certain areas is proved to be the direct result of a complex set of causes which may be grouped or classified as partly physical, partly biological. Starting from the general law of evolution, and regarding all the main types of animals and plants as having diverged from certain common centres, the author proceeds to trace the changes and modifications which they exhibit to the operation of the same causes through long ranges of time, and he points to these changes as in themselves an index to the primary laws which make up the constitution of nature. There may be laid down upon the globe, he remarks, certain well-defined zoological regions or provinces which indicate far more truly than the old geographical divisions the range and the history of animal existence upon the earth. The main divisions of land and water which constitute the great continental masses have undergone no essential change. The continents and oceans as they now exist have had throughout all geological time much the same general outline. There have been local changes here and there; elevations and depressions have taken place, altering coast lines, isolating portions of land, and drying up areas of water; but the general contour of the continents has remained the same. Great changes of climate have occurred in various regions, not due to any shifting of the earth's axis, or to extra-telluric influences of any kind, but, as Sir C. Lyell and all sober geologists have maintained, to local derangements of the surface, especially to changes in the distribution of land and water about the Polar regions. These altered conditions have largely influenced the dispersal of living organisms, and to them are to be traced the divisions or varieties of distribution exhibited by the animals and plants of our day. The first part of Mr. Wallace's book is occupied with this world-wide dispersal of organisms, its phenomena, laws, and causes. Of these agencies the most important have doubtless been such changes of climate as marked the extension of the ice-cap far beyond the present boundaries of the Arctic regions, and the contrary phenomenon of a milder range of temperatures prevailing towards the Pole. Our author discusses anew, with the aid of the latest evidence, the causes of glacial epochs, illustrating his arguments by the analogy of the planet Mars as most akin to our globe in relation to the sun. He is able to correct Mr. Croll's calculations of the effects of high eccentricity, showing how far more influential have been geographical changes of the earth's surface. The last glacial epoch was the climax of a great process of continental development which had been going on throughout long geological ages. It was the direct consequence of the North Temperate and Polar land having attained a great extension and a considerable altitude just at a time when a phase of very high eccentricity was coming on. Taking this period to coincide with the change from the Miocene to the Pliocene period, Mr. Wallace assigns to it a date of about 200,000 years before our era, the next preceding cycle of high eccentricity and consequent ice-age, still falling within the Miocene, going back to 850,000 years. The present condition of the earth, beginning with the Pliocene, he looks upon as one of exceptional stability, and within it have been brought about those changes in the earth's flora and fauna which it is the object of the present work to bring under review. Enormous ranges of time, as well as vast and stupendous cataclysms or terrestrial convulsions, may be banished from the consideration of science.

With the physical proofs of the general permanence of continents and oceans Mr. Wallace combines the interesting evidence supplied by the distribution of living forms. He is able to map out six primary zoological provinces or divisions of the earth, which correspond in the main with the received continental boundaries, though exhibiting modifications in detail owing to

* *Island Life; or, the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras, including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geographical Climates.* By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," "Tropical Nature," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

local geographical changes. The animal forms of Southern Africa, for instance, differ so widely from those of the Northern extremity of the continent, whilst those of the North approximate to those of Southern Europe, as to make it probable that a wide area of sea held at no distant geological period the place of the Sahara; Southern Africa thus forming a great separate island or geological province, with a flora and fauna of its own. Six such zoological divisions are to be traced out, Mr. Wallace considers, by comparative study of the living forms inhabiting them. 1. The Palaearctic, equivalent to Europe, with North Temperate Africa and Asia. 2. The Ethiopian, comprising Africa south of the Sahara, with Madagascar. 3. The Oriental—i.e. tropical Asia to the Philippines and Java. 4. The Australian, including the Pacific Islands, Moluccas, &c., New Zealand remaining doubtful. 5. The Nearectic, North America to Northern Mexico; and 6. The Neotropical, i.e. South America, with tropical North America and the West Indies. A map on Mercator's projection makes clear at a glance these zoological divisions, with their relation to the ordinary geographical regions. There are of course overlapping areas in which the flora and fauna have a partial community of character, and others which are discontinuous or isolated, wide gaps separating them from those of the neighbouring region. Of the higher animals, as the author shows, there are not many that have a world-wide distribution. Among the mammalia there is no such thing as a truly cosmopolitan genus. All the higher orders, for instance, except the mice, are absent from Australia, while the genus *Mus*, which occurs there, is represented by a distinct group, *Hesperomys*, in America. If the dingo of Australia be taken as a native animal, the genus *Canis* might be classed as cosmopolitan, but that the wild dogs of South America form, with some naturalists, a genus apart. Many genera, however, range over three or more continents, as *Felis* (the cat genus), absent only from Australia; *Ursus* (the bear genus), absent from Australia and tropical Africa; *Cervus* (the deer genus), with nearly the same range; and *Sciurus* (the squirrel genus), found in all the continents save Australia. The superior locomotive power of birds gives them scope for a wider range. Still there are among perching birds only *Turdus*, the thrush, and *Hirundo*, the swallow, which are truly cosmopolitan, though there are many genera of hawks, owls, wading and swimming birds, which have a world-wide range. Of isolated orders, the insectivora among the mammalia offer the most conspicuous example, several of their families inhabiting areas more or less apart from the rest, while the *Marsupialia* have six families in Australia, and one, the opossums, far off in America. Still more marked is the limitation of some entire orders to certain well-defined regions. Thus the *Proboscidea*, comprising the single family and genus of the elephants, and the *Hyracoides*, that of the *Hyrax* or Syrian coney, are confined to parts of Africa and Asia; the *Marsupials* to Australia and America; and the *Monotremata*, the lowest of all mammals, comprising the duck-billed *Platypus* and the spiny *Echidna*, to Australia. The *Struthionies*, or ostrich tribe of birds, are well-nigh limited to the three Southern continents—South America, Africa, and Australia; and among *Amphibia*, the tailed *Batrachia*—the newts and salamanders—are in like manner restricted to the Northern hemisphere.

From a wide range of observations of this kind Mr. Wallace works out the great lessons of his book. It is especially from the study of the oceanic and continental islands, treated in the second portion of the work, that the great problem of the distribution of life is made in his hands to receive its solution. For this study islands possess, as he points out, special advantages, since they have a restricted area and definite boundaries, and their geographical and geological limits as a rule coincide. The number of genera and species they contain is always much smaller than those of continents, and their peculiar species and groups are in general well defined and strictly limited in range. Islands have had two distinct modes of origin. They have either been broken off by some cause or other from continents, or have risen from the ocean by volcanic upheaval or coral-line formation. The latter class are wholly without indigenous mammalia or amphibia, though abounding in birds and insects, with occasional reptiles. It has been very generally maintained that the Azores once formed part of the submerged continent Atlantis. But, were this so, the plants and animals of those islands would assuredly follow the type of those existing on the mainland of which they formed a part. Such, however, is by no means the case. There is no mammalian or amphibian form, and no lizard, snake-lizard, frog, or fresh-water fish. Flying creatures, birds, and insects abound; and there is also one flying mammal, a small European bat. Rabbits, weasels, rats and mice are believed to have been imported. Birds and insects have been borne thither either by their own wings or those of the wind. Land shells may have been easily transported by birds or floating wood, or their tiny eggs wafted over the sea by storms. Of the 69 known species, 37 are common to Europe, 32 being peculiar. Though allied to European types, many of them date back to beyond the Glacial epoch. The evidence brought together by Mr. Wallace, coupled with Mr. Darwin's interesting experiments, amply verifies the presumption that the seeds of plants of continental type here found may have been ferried over by ocean currents and winds. Now these islands are wholly of volcanic origin, with the exception of a single small one, Santa Maria, which exhibits some marine deposits of Upper Miocene age—a fact indicating some change of level, or wider extension of the land in earlier times, but not any connexion with the mainland, or former union with the rest of the group. It proves, moreover, the antiquity of the islands, and is of

great weight in considering the origin and peculiar features of their fauna and flora. The other North Atlantic islands—Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verdes—present analogous phenomena, modified by their more southern position, their richer vegetation, and perhaps their greater antiquity. The Bermudas, a coralline group, stand in much the same relation to the American Continent as the Azores do to Europe. Here are no indigenous mammals, frogs, or snakes, Migratory birds flock hither in vast numbers, upwards of 180 species having been recorded. The Galapagos Islands, volcanic like the Azores, and equally destitute of indigenous mammalia and amphibia, differ from that group in many important respects. They lie not more than 600 miles from the west coast of South America, and some 700 from Veragua, within the belt of equinoctial calms. They are traversed, however, by strong and constant ocean currents, setting north-westwards from the coast of Peru. Without any indigenous mammals, they have a very peculiar series of birds and insects, including two species of large land tortoises which are wonderful swimmers and quite competent to have made their way from the mainland of South America. Two species of snakes may equally have made the passage by swimming, or by the aid of drift-wood. The Sandwich Islands, separated from the great continents by more than two thousand miles, and by ocean depths of three thousand fathoms, are connected in a measure with the other Pacific Islands by countless coral reefs and atolls. Volcanic mountains rise to a height of 14,000 feet. Indigenous mammals are here altogether unknown. The birds, which are fairly numerous and highly peculiar, exhibit on the whole affinities with Australian and Pacific types. Their marked speciality is suggestive of extreme antiquity, or of connexion with some very ancient land now submerged.

Coming to the British Isles, Mr. Wallace dwells upon the features which characterize continental as distinct from oceanic islands. To the same class belong Japan, Formosa, and the larger Malay Islands, especially Borneo, Java, and Celebes. As they are one of the most recently formed island groups, we have still amongst us, he shows, the material for highly instructive study of geographical distribution. The biological identity of Great Britain with continental Europe is by no means so distinct as is commonly supposed. Among birds, our author points to at least three undoubted peculiarities. Peculiar fishes are five times as numerous. Of mosses and Hepaticæ there are peculiar British forms. Many insects common with us have never been found on the Continent. The Shetland Islands, on the other hand, the Isle of Man, and the little Lundy Island, possess forms unknown to our principal island. Islands, the author remarks, form in all parts of the world a refuge for species or groups which have become extinct elsewhere. On the whole, however, the fauna and flora of Great Britain follow closely the Continental type, the special points of divergence supplying a fair approximate test of the interval of time that has elapsed since their separation. In Borneo and Java, which may be, Mr. Wallace thinks, not much more ancient than Great Britain, there is a considerable amount of speciality. The channel which parts these two islands is not more than fifty fathoms deep; while to the east they are separated from Celebes by a strait varying from 1,690 to 2,500 fathoms in depth. In geological structure Borneo is thoroughly continental, a character entirely in accordance with its fauna and flora. Of the ninety-six species of mammals discovered in the island, nearly two-thirds are identical with those of the surrounding countries, and nearly one-half with those of the mainland. Java, with many peculiarities, presents unmistakable relations with the Asiatic continent. A comprehensive survey of the whole Malayan group leads our author to the conclusion that the Philippines were the first to separate, then at a considerably later period Java, somewhat later Sumatra and Borneo, and finally the islands south of Singapore to Banca and Biliton.

The Japanese islands hold a position on the eastern shore of the great Euro-Asiatic continent very like that of the British Isles on the western; but their separation dates probably much further back, probably to the early portion of the Pliocene period. The fauna and flora of Japan and Formosa correspond in their diversity with the comparative antiquity hereby indicated. The richness which won for the latter island from its Portuguese discoverers the name of "the beautiful" gives abundant scope for the study of naturalists, of whom Mr. Swinhoe has made himself the chief. Above most continental islands it is shown by Mr. Wallace to throw light upon the obscure subject of the decay and extinction of species, whilst yielding an overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of the theory of descent with modification. In Madagascar we see a continental island of much more ancient date, and showing animal and vegetable types far more dissimilar from those of the mainland. Of mammals the most important are the lemurs, forming an entire half of the mammalian population of the island. This group of lowly-organized and very ancient creatures ranges from Western Africa to India, Ceylon, and the Malay Archipelago. Mr. Wallace, however, is justified by his latest researches in his rejection of the popular hypothesis of a submerged Lemuria, in which are held to lie buried the bones that should have made good the missing link between ourselves and our supposed anthropoid ancestors. The Atlantis having received its deathblow from the chapter on oceanic islands in the *Origin of Species*, it may be thought that the lost continent of the Southern hemisphere may henceforth be relegated to the region of scientific fable.

In the great island of Australia the primitive forms of animal

life correspond strikingly with the immense antiquity of its separation from the continental masses of the southern half of the globe. Nor in the case of New Zealand is there a less strongly marked correspondence between the zoological character of its fauna and the physical features of that isolated group. Mr. Wallace's survey of the widely separated island systems of the globe sets upon a solid basis his views of the wonderful powers of dispersion and modification existing in the organic world. In his theory of local geographical changes modifying the general stability of continents, we have perhaps a key to the most difficult and complex problems involved in the phenomena of the variation and distribution of living forms.

PICTURES FROM IRELAND.*

ARISTOTLE'S celebrated definition of laughter could hardly be better illustrated than by this book. There must be no pain, said the old philosopher, if we are to laugh at what is ridiculous, ugly, or out of place. These times are almost too serious for such a humorous sketch of Irish life as the one before us. Irishmen and Irish manners have ceased for the present to afford material for novels on the model of the late Charles Lever. Murder, sedition, anarchy, and outrages on unoffending men and cattle may be read of with a passing shudder in some history of a district in the Indian Mutiny, of an Italian city divided against itself in the Middle Ages, or in some Assyrian tablet just deciphered by the indomitable perseverance of Oriental scholars. They are sufficiently remote, and, as the typical old woman remarked, they happened so long ago that perhaps they may not be true. But the Ireland of to-day is too near us and too tragical to be any laughing matter. And yet this volume is written in an excellent spirit, without rhetorical exaggeration, and evidently from an intimate knowledge of Irish social life. The author says nothing about himself, and gives no reasons for his publication. There is neither dedication, nor preface, nor explanation of any kind which could give us a clue to the author's identity or occupation. For aught we know, Terence M'Grath may be a *nom de plume*, adopted from obvious motives of prudence. It is not every one in these days who would wish to have land in Ireland, as Mr. Bright would lead the electors of Birmingham to think was the main desire of his heart. And it is quite possible that the favourite remedy of a bullet may be reserved for those who, living in Galway, speak the truth about that county, equally with those who have the audacity to ask for their rents.

This volume is made up of eighteen sketches nearly all descriptive of persons in some way or other connected with the land. In a good many we observe a strong family likeness, such as one sharp practitioner bears to another. The unscrupulous attorney of the Glossin type; the howling agitator; the so-styled tenant's friend; the pugnacious and dictatorial priest; the defaulting cottier, are all united together by links in a chain of scarcely concealed craftiness, and all exhibit the same artless wish to live as much as possible at the expense of their neighbours. There are no scenes of horror, and no laboured attempt to create a sensation or to arouse false sentiment. Our nerves are not tried by some heartrending picture of an eviction, followed by the death of the unrighteous landlord at the hand of an assassin crouching under a dyke. One little girl, it is just hinted, dies of a fever produced by dirt and squalor; and there is a grim allusion to the death of a herdsman whom the brave boys only intended to beat because he succeeded a dismissed "brother," but who died unluckily from sheer accident, as he happened "to have a weak skull, and it broke sooner than could have been reasonably expected." But the prevalent tone of the writing is a humorous exposure of impudence, evasiveness, and falsehood, and, as we observed at first, at any other time but the present, one might read the tale with no deeper feeling than is aroused by the account of the ducking of a gauger and a duel in *Charles O'Malley*, or of the pursuit and capture of a poacher in Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West*. These two hundred pages may be easily got through in a morning, and we are not called on to analyse each story, or do more than give a few outlines of what are clever pen-and-ink sketches, and not full-length portraits in oil. But they have all the appearance of reality. Mr. Kirkland, for instance, is a landlord of the old school. He has enjoyed his property, as his ancestors had done for 300 years. His rents, fixed at about 35 per cent. below the letting value of the land, have hitherto been punctually paid. But his fences are not better repaired, nor are his tenants' houses neater or more comfortable than those on the property of a neighbouring speculator who has increased his rental by 15 per cent. The explanation is that the latter enlisted the parish priest on his side by building him a new house. The priest, in another chapter, is one educated at Maynooth, an institution which has only served to confirm the prejudices of his boyhood and to turn him out with a profound ignorance of the world and of politics, as well as with an implied belief in the infallibility of the Church. He hunts and courses without much regard to boundaries, knows to a fraction the earnings of every one of his parishioners, and lectures and harangues them from the altar at the Easter and Christmas collections in a style not very different from that of the negro

preacher in Marryatt's *Peter Simple*. In contrast to this Father is the Orangeman, born fifty miles north of the Boyne, who is prepared to vote for tenant-right, fixity of tenure, freedom of sale, and the ballot; but is dead against Popery, and averse to the lowering of the franchise and denominational education. One of the best hits is perhaps that of Mr. O'Hara, of Garrauns Castle. His ineffectual attempts to marry the daughter of a Manchester merchant, a far-off cousin it would seem of Thackeray's Miss Higg; his estate, nominally one of 600*l.* a year, but cut down by a jointure, interest on a loan, agent's fees, and other outgoings, to something less than 200*l.*; his gentlemanly indolence and remissness in his dealings with the tenants, which they requite by demanding a reduction coupled with a threat of no payment at all, are happily described. On the other hand, Mr. Casey began as an attorney, slid into the business of a land-agent, and hopes to end by buying a property which is the despair of a ruined absentee proprietor. Not very dissimilar in character and sharpness is Mr. O'Dowd, the successful shopkeeper. He combines the business of a draper and the sale of spirits with the purchase of small properties when they happen to come into the market. His opinion of his poorer countrymen is that they will cultivate just up to their necessities and no further. His position as a dealer enables him to supply worthless seed to his tenantry, and to compel their wives to purchase expensive finery over the counter at his shop in the town. And he very prudently declines to become a Poor-law Guardian, as in that office he would lose the chance of getting the contracts for supplying the workhouse. But in the famine he actually condescended to become a member of the Relief Committee, and was loud in proclaiming and supplying the necessities of his own tenants. As regards the agitator Mr. O'Dooly and the Home Ruler Mr. O'Carroll, it is only necessary to say that in specimens of truculent language, unscrupulous devices, and mendacious impudence, they are left far behind by the real agitators, who have succeeded, to the understandings of most people, in making government by the ordinary processes a sheer impossibility.

Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons that Irish members were too much in the habit of clanking their chains on rising to speak. The wrongs of Ireland, the woes of the lovely Emerald Isle, the injustice to the brave sons of Erin, have furnished ample material for frothy declamation to orators and journalists; and even sober-minded statesmen seem to have got into a trick of declaiming about the heavy debt under which England lies to that most innocent and most injured country. How is it, we may ask, that we never hear this sort of language applied to Scotland? For every high-handed act committed in Ireland by Strongbow, or Cromwell, or Pitt, in the period of their ascendancy, it would not be very difficult to find a parallel in Scottish history. The annals of that country are for centuries taken up with invasions and battles, in which Scotchmen, fighting for their nationality, poorly armed and scarcely disciplined, almost invariably got the worst. The persecutions of Whigs by Claverhouse and his men, the scant justice done to Scotch interests at the Union of 1707, the vengeance exacted on Scotch rebels in the Fifteen and the Forty-Five, and divers other episodes, might surely form a fertile subject for impassioned oratory if influential and clever Scotchmen were not generally men of strong sense. But no one, except an inebriated Scotch apprentice or a clerk at a St. Andrew's dinner, ever thinks of dwelling on the injustice practised generations back by Tory Ministers or High Church prelates. Even Professor Blackie only gives an occasional vent to his national feelings, and though the member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs may please his constituents by lamenting that sufficient priority is not allotted to Scotch affairs, we know no grievance to which Scotchmen are in the habit of calling attention or which ought to afford matter for complaint, unless it be that their Lord Advocate is unable to find a seat in the House. Of course, it may be replied to this unfavourable comparison that the Irish are a more excitable and difficult people to deal with; that the real offence of the Protestant Church has only recently been taken away; and that the tenure of land is of that exceptional, peculiar, and complicated character which demands special study and unusual remedies. But we should like to know how long any Government would put up with one quarter of this agitation if shown by Lowland farmers who had objected to the old law of hypothec, or elders of the Established Scotch Church who had new views about the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage. The real fact is that Ireland has of late years been treated not like the naughty boy, but like the spoiled child of the family, though to assert and act on this maxim may require no little audacity. A writer in the *Times* who, we understand, has had some practical experience of Zemindars and Ryots in India, lately endeavoured to make out that there was a strong analogy between the condition of the Irish tenant and the *jotedar* of Bengal. The remedial legislation contemplated by the Government should, he argued, follow the course taken by those who passed what, under various titles, are known as the Rent Laws of Bengal. This gentleman forgot one essential difference in the position and rights of the two communities. The Indian Government has of late years endeavoured to secure to the Ryot that definite position which had been contemplated for him in the Regulations of 1793, which was based on the immemorial custom and the common law of the country, and which neglect of rulers or oppression of Zemindars had failed to obliterate. The Land League are in reality clamorous for an independence utterly incompatible with the acknowledged position of a superior owner, with the law of contract, and with the history of Irish occu-

* *Pictures from Ireland.* By Terence M'Grath. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

pancy, agriculture, and proprietorship. To quote an Indian precedent as applicable to Ireland without bearing in mind the marked distinction between a Zemindar in Nuddea and Lord Erne or Lord Lansdowne, and without a clear idea of the meaning of a Revenue Settlement and its ample definitions of every one's rights and privileges in the soil, is to trade on the ignorance of Englishmen and to argue on misleading analogies.

The last chapters in Mr. McGrath's book are devoted to the Irish famine, or rather are written to prove that for purely selfish purposes a famine was evolved out of scarcity and not very severe pressure. According to the author, the effect of the Duchess of Marlborough's kind appeal was mainly to create a competition in mendicancy. While money was pouring in, "the markets were thronged with well-dressed people; the shops were filled with customers; the pawn offices showed empty shelves"; and tradesmen, mechanics, and farmers, with stores in their cupboards, were not ashamed to beg for meal at the rooms of each committee. It was, however, not to be expected that Englishmen and colonists in Australia and elsewhere would not respond to a call on behalf of a poor community alleged to be in danger of starvation for, at that time, no fault of their own. Our regret is, not that charity should have been misapplied, or habits of self-dependence been impaired, or tons of potatoes imported into a district which was sending off cartloads of the same produce. The sad moral of the famine is the absence of gratitude and the revival of lawlessness and ferocity in the mass of the people. In truth, either the real character of the Irish has only been known to a few experts, or else the amiable and humorous features which lent attractiveness to former stories have worn off and have disclosed something like Asiatic turpitude. The good understanding which once existed between easy-going landlords and sharp-witted peasants, and even mitigated religious antipathy between Papist and Protestant, seems gone for ever. In the *Wild Sports of the West* there is a good story of a Protestant clergyman who preached to empty benches, and was reported to his Bishop as a vicar without a congregation. Hearing that his superior was coming down to visit the empty church, he applied in his dilemma to his Roman Catholic brother to "lend him a congregation." This strange loan was actually granted, and when the Bishop arrived he saw a church crowded with a well-dressed and orderly set of Roman Catholics sent there at the bidding of their pastor to do duty as Protestants and throw dust in the episcopal eyes. This really occurred some three generations ago in the West of Ireland. We need hardly add that it would be impossible now. Nor shall we be surprised to find that, as one violent deed begets another, the national reputation for pleasantry will die away, and that in the next *Pictures from Ireland* worse tales of barbarism and savagery will make us wonder how Irishmen could ever have been noted for happy repartees, excusable frolics, and genial fun.

THE CHALLENGE OF BARLETTA.*

WE owe some gratitude to Lady Louisa Magenit for having led us to read *Ettore Fieramosca* again. For the benefit of those unacquainted with that romance, we had better explain at once that Massimo d'Azeglio's work bears a double title, *Ettore Fieramosca*, o *La Difida di Barletta*, and that Lady Louisa Magenit has, we think unwisely, chosen to drop the first and familiar name in favour of the second and more descriptive title. Having begun by expressing our gratitude to the translator, we will next say, to prevent disappointment, that we do not recommend *Ettore Fieramosca* to any but the young, or those who have preserved a healthy youthful taste for romance of the school of the Waverley Novels. We remember when the wickedness of the Borgia, as therein depicted, made our hair stand on end, and when the wrongs of Ginevra troubled our dreams. We remember with what interest we followed all the bull-fighting and lance-breaking business, of which, to say the truth, there is rather more than enough. If the characters were, as we now more than suspect, conventional, we did not then find it out. And that there is real power in the story we cannot doubt, since we knew a learned and staid professor and his wife, neither of them by any means in their first youth, who made a pilgrimage to Barletta, expressly to see the spot consecrated by the valour, the patriotism, and the ill-starred love of Ettore Fieramosca. By their account Barletta then—it was some years ago, so we make no imputations against the present character of the town—had not, in the matter of creature comforts, much advanced since the days when the Borgia and his *âme damnée* got so bad and so dear a supper at the hostelry of the Sun; but nevertheless our couple did not repent of their visit. This, we think, proves uncontestedly that there is genius in D'Azeglio's novel, though it does not equal his later Florentine romance, *Niccolò de' Lupi*, which has, we believe, the further merit, recognizable by Italian critics, of being written in a purer Tuscan style.

The historical incident upon which the plot of *Fieramosca* turns is of the slightest, though it is true that to an Italian the "Challenge of Barletta" has an importance which it can hardly possess in the eyes of a foreigner. In 1503 the Spanish under Gonzalo de Cordova, with their Italian auxiliaries under Prospero and Fabrizio Colonna,

were blockaded in Barletta by the French under the Duke of Nemours. As D'Azeglio tells the story, some French gentlemen taken prisoners by a foraging party from Barletta were supping amicably with their Spanish captors, when one of the Frenchmen, De la Mothe—"suo pte ingenio ferox et forsan frequentibus poculis incalescens," says Paolo Giovio—let fall expressions of contempt for the Italian men-at-arms, at last averring that a French gendarme (we must remember that the gendarme of those days was not a mounted policeman in a cocked hat and a swallow-tailed coat, but a fully-armed cavalier) would think shame to have even for horseboys such poltroons as the Italians. The words were taken up; low as Italy was sinking, subordinate as was the part which the Italians played in their own land, their national pride awoke at these insults. A combat between thirteen Italians and thirteen Frenchmen was arranged; the event, in sporting parlance, came off near Barletta, between Andria and Quarato, on the 16th of February, 1503, and proved a victory for the despised Italians. So sure, it is said, had the Frenchmen made of success that they had omitted to deposit with the umpires the sum stipulated for ransom in case of defeat. This affair, unimportant as it may seem according to modern ideas, was glorified as a great national triumph. The victors were hailed as *restitutori della gloria Italiana*, and their captain, whose name of Hector lent itself well to classic strains, was poetically eulogized by Pietro Summonte as *Ausonia splendor*; an eyewitness, Damiani, narrated the particulars in a book published at Naples the same year; Vida sang the combat in Latin hexameters; and Paolo Giovio and Guicciardini—though the latter so far mistook the cause of quarrel as to represent the French as the insulted party—recorded the prowess and the names of the patriots, whom Guicciardini introduces as "degni che ogni Italiano procuri quanto è in se, che i nomi loro trapassino alla posterità." One Italian, a Piedmontese, figured among the French combatants—a curious inconsistency, if the issue of the combat was to prove anything as to the merits of the Italians generally. That man alone, according to the account followed by D'Azeglio, was left dead on the field, justly punished for his treason to his country.

Round the names of Ettore Fieramosca, the captain of the Italian thirteen, and Claudio Grajano of Asti, the Piedmontese renegade, Massimo d'Azeglio—himself a Piedmontese, and therefore, as he said, the better able, without offence to provincial feelings, to brand the memory of the traitor—wove his tale. So slight an incident as the Challenge of Barletta demanded some tragic interest to give it dignity, and accordingly D'Azeglio's imagination founded upon it a romance tragic enough in all conscience. Ettore Fieramosca, young, pale, and chestnut-haired—memory recalls a hundred heads by Italian masters, of which any one might serve as a portrait of D'Azeglio's hero—appears from the first as a man consumed by an unhappy love. The object of his adoration, Ginevra di Monreale, had in his absence been constrained by untoward circumstances to give her hand to the adventurer and future traitor, Claudio Grajano, who valued her only for her dowry. When married, she had been pursued by the hateful love of *il Valentino*, better known to English readers as Cesare Borgia, and had died, it was supposed, of poison administered by him in revenge for her coldness. But we all know that Italian heroines have a way of coming to life again. Like the lover in the *Golden Supper*, Fieramosca stole at night to look once more upon his beloved as she lay coffined in the church of St. Cecilia, and, arriving in time to forestall Cesare Borgia, whose poison was only a sleeping-draught, he found her living. As her husband had disappeared on the Borgia's service, the resuscitated heroine was persuaded by Fieramosca to trust herself to his honour; and thus, some two or three years later, we find her lodged in the nunnery on the island between Monte Gargano and Barletta, and receiving visits from Ettore under the title of her brother. With her she has, as chaperon and companion, a mysterious Saracen maiden, who has likewise been thrown by fate on the gallant Fieramosca's hands. It is somewhat trying to the imagination to conceive a young soldier of the *cinquecento* thus leading about two ladies who stand to him in the relationship of sisters; but such is the story. At last comes the unlucky day when Ettore, being despatched with the all-important challenge to the French camp, finds himself face to face with Ginevra's husband. The temptation to keep silence is too strong for him; he leaves Ginevra in her ignorance, and though he is bound by a vow not to lift his hand against her husband, one can hardly suppose that he does not build some hopes upon the chances of the approaching combat. But the reader, who knows that Cesare Borgia and his satellite Don Michele are prowling in disguise about Barletta, feels that the doom of the lovers is inevitable. A stroke of a poisoned poniard lays Ettore temporarily prostrate; while chance, rather than contrivance, throws Ginevra into the hands of the Borgia. It must be owned that D'Azeglio was merciless in accumulating horrors on the head of his unhappy heroine, who has nothing left but to die—in peace, it is true, tended by Vittoria Colonna, and with the consolations of religion, but believing by a cruel error that Ettore has deserted her for the fresher charms of Gonzalo's daughter, Doña Elvira. Ettore himself, miraculously healed by the Saracen maid on the very eve of the combat, is deceived in another way, and that by his especial friend and confidant, Brancalone. In order that he may go to battle with a good heart, he is assured that Ginevra is alive and well. For once all seems to prosper; the honour of his country is triumphantly vindicated in the lists; the insulter, La Mothe, surrenders to him; Grajano lies dead on the field, his skull cloven by Brancalone's axe. Fieramosca has

* *The Challenge of Barletta*. By Massimo d'Azeglio. Rendered into English by Lady Louisa Magenit. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

now done his work for Italy, and the friends who had taken such cruel care to spare his feelings forget to look after him any longer. He is left to ride off to his Ginevra, and to find her a corpse. Maddened by the shock, he spurs his wearied charger into a gallop, and is seen no more. Only some charcoal-burners of Gargano tell of a strange vision of an armed and mounted knight on the summit of cliffs supposed to be inaccessible; and a century later, the sea having receded, a mass of rusted iron and the bones of a man and horse are found below.

The present version is, on the whole, more easy and spirited than the general run of translations, but it is in many places sadly open to criticism. We do not approve of the silent omission of D'Azeglio's concluding remarks, which, though unnecessary to the story, are interesting as showing the patriotic purpose with which it was written. We have also a suspicion that the titles and mottoes to the chapters are unauthorized additions—at least they do not appear in the edition of *Ettore Fieramosca* published at Paris in 1833; and the fact that the mottoes are all quotations from English authors looks as if they were of English choosing. In the translation itself the chief faults that strike us are, first, a tendency to drag in French expressions, such as *fracas*, *tête-à-tête*, *confères*, which do not appear in the original, and which therefore give a false notion of D'Azeglio's style. Thus in a single sentence Fieramosca is made to say *à propos* and *hors de combat*, though the original Italian could easily have been rendered into good English. *Bataille à l'outrance* (for *battaglia a tutte armi ed a tutto sangue*) is a well-known stock phrase of English historical novelists—we say English because French usage only acknowledges *à outrance*. Few English writers remember that the phrase had an English form, "to the utterance," or "at utterance," which is employed in the *Mort D'Arthur* and by Shakespeare. There is no excuse for giving the result of a duel thus, "He forced him to make the *amende honorable*," when the original is simply "Gli fece confessar il suo torto." These remarks do not of course apply to the cases in which D'Azeglio himself has put into the mouths of his characters scraps of French and Spanish. In one instance the translator has turned "*con mezzo parole*" into "with *sotto voce*," which is neither English nor Italian. Our second ground of offence is the introduction of modern slang, which sounds incongruous from the lips of sixteenth-century cavaliers. It would perhaps be pedantic to object to "pluck;" but "I certainly shall expect a tip in return from you" and "It will be a regular jollification," are too unromantic. When Jacques de Guignes says, in dignified and chivalrous phraseology, "Pure un uomo d'arme si crederebbe disonorato se ad armi e a numero pari la sua spada cadesse sul cavallo del nemico," why should his words be rendered into the slang of the Turf and the "Society" papers—"However, a good man-at-arms, if equally matched, would, even now, consider it *very low form* to let his sword fall on his enemy's horse"? Or why should Prospero Colonna, in a moment of grave anxiety and displeasure, be made to ask, "Pray where is Fieramosca that he has not shown up?" "Che non compare"—"that he does not appear"—are the plain words of the original. So when Grajano says, in the simplest possible words, "Son d'Asti," the translator must needs render it, "I hail from Asti." And when we find "*ove accaddero i fatti*" rendered as "where the events transpired," we can only remark that it would be well if the translator would give some attention to the study of her own language. We also note one or two positive errors. A *destriero morello* is a black, not, as here translated, a "mulberry-coloured steed." The origin of the epithet must be looked for in *maurus* in its primary sense of black, not in its secondary form *morum*, a mulberry. In an official proclamation offenders are threatened with the penalty of "two cuts with a rope"—a moderate degree of personal chastisement, to use the dignified language of the present Home Secretary. But in the original the penalty is something more serious—"due tratti di fune"—two hauls of the rope, i.e. two inflictions of a kind of torture identical with or resembling what we know by the Spanish term of the strappado. A few lines further on, the translator, constant to her first idea, renders "*per timor della corda*" as "from fear of the lash," though in so well-known a work as Baret's Dictionary she could have found "*Corda*, the strappado." Fieramosca is made to describe himself as "one of Signor Prospero's free lances," which is equivalent to styling himself a mercenary; whereas in the original he calls himself simply a *lancia* or lance, the ordinary term for the man-at-arms. *Free lance* is again made to do duty as a translation of *lancia spezzata*, a technical military term, which in France and England took the form of *lanceepessade*.

WATSON'S WAZAN.*

MR. WATSON went to Morocco in general, because, though it is only six days' voyage from us, hardly anybody ever goes there, and he visited Wazan in particular, because no Englishman and only one European had ever ventured within its sacred precincts. Mr. Watson had no previous knowledge of the country, was ignorant of all the languages and dialects spoken there, derived all his oral information from a dragoman, his ocular impressions from a hurried trip of three weeks in the country, his

historical, geographical, and archaeological learning from subsequent study. Out of this unpromising apparatus he has constructed a readable, if not an authoritative, book. His very decided statements must not be accepted as undeniable facts, for a European eye unaccustomed to Mohammedan manners is apt to be deceived, and a clear proof received through a dragoman's interpretation may turn out to be no evidence at all when traced to its original source. Beyond a certain quickness of observation Mr. Watson had none of the qualities which are required in one who will draw a true picture of a country, such a picture as Klunzinger has drawn of Egypt, and Malcolm of Persia as it was. He cannot even boast an alluring style, for his language has but the one merit of simplicity, and is neither choice of phrase nor graphic in description. The same ideas and words are constantly recurring, and we gave up the attempt to count the number of times the word "greenery" was used. Nevertheless, though loosely made up, founded on scanty knowledge, and expressed without that "curious care" which Mr. Stopford Brooke includes among the essentials of prose writing, the book has its value.

This value does not lie in the fact that Morocco is a little-known country. All Mr. Watson's very just eulogies of the golden days of Moorish art and science do not make the descendants of the banished Moors who took refuge in Morocco one whit more interesting. The very greatness of the mediæval Moors is an argument for the littleness of the modern Moors, because most nations have their times of prosperity and progress, and of relapse and decay. It is not necessary to criticize what Mr. Watson says about the past history of Morocco, because it is obviously book-making, and the errors he repeats are very probably not his own. All that he need have concerned himself with was the present state of the country and the description of its aspect as a resort for seekers of the picturesque. When he does arrive at this point, the reason why Morocco is little visited becomes apparent. "The land," he says, "though rich, is not productive; the great desert plains are more strange than beautiful; the country in summer and autumn has a dead played-out effect; the towns present hardly any features of architectural interest. There is a certain suggestion of decay over the whole land; the gilding is rubbed. The only motto truly appropriate to the Moorish crown is *laissez faire*." Throughout the book the deadness and dullness of the country strike cold upon the reader, and whenever there is any "greenery" to be enthusiastic about, the same terms of ecstasy are employed about precisely the same things. But "the chief attraction of Morocco for the traveller lies in its people and its government; a people of surpassing picturesqueness and interest—a government which possesses none of the ordinary attributes of direction, but exists for the one purpose of taxing the people." Neither of these attractions will strike the student of Mohammedan nations as peculiar, and it would perhaps be more pleasant to combine them with the attraction of scenery, as may be done in other Moslem lands. Mr. Watson's delight in the ways of the people is natural enough, however. There is nothing more delightful to a busy man than to forget his anxieties and bustle in the calm torpidity of Oriental society. Apart from the charms of novelty and varied colour and a sunny climate, there is something about the East (and Morocco is socially as truly "Eastern" as Persia) that brings to the excited Northerner a wonderful sense of rest and subdued enjoyment. Still, however new and charming all this may be, it is too well written about to need a fresh description unless by a very able pen. Mr. Watson's views about Morocco and the Moors are not authoritative or particularly suggestive. His account of the Jews of Tangier is a contribution to the literature of a subject to which the efforts of Sir Moses Montefiore and the decisions of the Madrid Conference have given some importance; and his general appreciation of the Moors, though based on a short acquaintance, is a set-off against the unfavourable reports of some other travellers who knew little more of this hospitable kindly race than he does.

The value of Mr. Watson's book, however, lies in the seventy or eighty pages in the middle of it which treat of the subject which gives it a title. His journey to and from Wazan, although possessing something of the interest which a description of unfamiliar scenes generally affords, was uneventful, and, from an artistic or any other point of view, apparently unproductive. The arrangements with the dragoman, the management of stirrup-leathers, the encounters with various hostile insects, and the other commonplaces of travel, would read excellently well in a guide-book, and will doubtless be useful to those who may follow in Mr. Watson's steps; but they cannot be said to excite much surprise or interest. The only remarkable fact is, that there were no more serious enemies than vermin, which is certainly not what might have been expected in an unsettled country like Morocco; but Mr. Watson's unusually powerful introduction doubtless protected him where others might have been attacked. The general conclusion to be drawn from the journey is that Mr. Watson understands the art of being comfortable, and that he does not "rough it" when there is no occasion. The account of Wazan itself, however, is curious, and speaks to a singular political condition in the country.

The northern provinces of Africa have always been famous for heterodoxy. The native races, whom the Arabs, following the example of the Greeks and Romans, called Berbers or barbarians, because they could not understand their tongues, proved the hardest of conversion of all the peoples over whom the armies of Islam rolled in their great tide of conquest; and when Mohammedanism at last obtained a foothold among them

* *A Visit to Wazan, the Sacred City of Morocco.* By Robert Spence Watson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

it forthwith developed a heresy. Thus the heterodox Fatimite sect was fostered in Barbary, till it grew into an empire, and subdued Egypt and Syria. So did Morocco bring forth the Almohade sect, and many other heresies found their cradle or their refuge among the credulous Berbers. One prophet or saint after another has led this superstitious people to conquest or destruction, and they have always been ready to believe in the next comer. In the present day the old feeling is as strong as ever, and the Moors have precisely the same abject reverence for their saints as they had in the days of the many Mahdis who from time to time imposed upon them. Every saintly family in Moslem countries naturally traces its descent from the prophet Mohammed, and as such assumes the title of Shereef or Cherif. We know these descendants of "the Seal of the Creation" all over the East by their green turbans, and marvel at the reproductive powers of one family. We have also heard of the Shereef of Morocco; indeed there have been two dynasties of these Shereefs, who have governed the country for the last three centuries and a half. But the present representative of this line, better known as Emperor or Sultan of Morocco than as Shereef, has lost most of his sacred attributes, and is become merely the tax-collector of his people. The real Shereef does not live at the capital nor holds any nominal power, but contents himself with the actual sovereignty involved in the absolute submission and enthusiastic devotion of the whole nation, and the homage of even far-distant lands:—

No duties, either political or religious, are involved in the dignity; it does not carry with it any distinguishing name or title [?]; and it does not immediately confer any authority. But the power which the great Cherif wields is substantial enough; the Emperor receives him, alone among men, as his equal, and appeals to him for assistance in times of difficulty; in cases of serious rebellion he has accomplished what an army of soldiers could not, the mere fact of his presence sufficing to put the insurgents to rout; and upon more than one occasion he has undertaken long and difficult journeys even to the Sahara itself to obtain the submission of some border chieftain who has been occasioning trouble to the reigning house. He is the object of pilgrimage from all parts of Northern Africa; Mohammedans have even travelled from India to obtain his blessing; and when the present bearer of the name made the journey to Mecca, he was even there the object of marked respect and veneration, the worshippers actually leaving the Kaaba to prostrate themselves before him.—Pp. 21-2.

The present great Shereef has done what his ancestor the Prophet would certainly have disowned him for doing—he has married an English lady. Mr. Watson is full of hope as to the influence of a refined Englishwoman on the future of Morocco, and no one can doubt at least the temporary importance of the Shereef's alliance. To Mr. Watson himself it had a peculiar value; for, after a charming visit to the great man and his English wife at their beautiful villa on the hills near Tangier, he received from the Shereef a letter of introduction, in which (as was discovered when the journey was over) the holy man, regardless of truth, had condescended to state that Mr. Watson was his wife's brother. The reputation of being brother-in-law to the Great Shereef would account for Mr. Watson's hospitable welcome among all classes, without presupposing any unusual kindness on the part of his entertainers. The Shereef, it must be observed, was not himself living at Wazan, but allowed his second son to act as his deputy; whilst he himself enjoyed his villas near Tangiers, and wore trousers, and sat upon chairs, and behaved generally as no respectable Moslem used to do in the golden prime of good Harun Alrashid.

Wazan itself is a modern creation. It does not rank among the famous cities of mediæval Morocco, but was established, or enlarged from villagehood, by the founder of the modern house of Shereefs, Abdallah, who died in 1675. He came of the old stock of the Edrisites, who were the leading family of Morocco in the earlier centuries after the Hegira. Mr. Watson was received at Wazan with great cordiality by the son of the Shereef, who acted for his absent father. The very first experiences were charming:—

A manly young fellow, with a kindly, open countenance, richly but simply dressed, apparently of about twenty-five years of age, came forward and shook hands with me warmly, and gave me a right hearty welcome. He led me at once to my room, filled with vases of sweet-smelling flowers; showed me the bath-room and other offices, which were admirably appointed; and, whilst my things were being carried in, called a slave, who brought us excellent coffee in exquisite china. My men were presented to him one by one, each kneeling and kissing his knees with much devotion. He then asked me at what hour I liked to dine, and left me to rest. But rest was out of the question. . . . My room was so charming and so curious—another of those long, narrow, windowless rooms, forty feet by fourteen, and very high, carpeted with layers of thick Moorish rugs, each of which was a marvel of art, and none of which belonged to the melancholy aniline-dye period; a low divan ran all round it, a divan of luxurious cushions, covered with delicate shawls; at one end was a low Moorish table of wonderful beauty, loaded with all manner of fragrant waters in silver flasks, pomades, and other toilet appliances; near it stood a great musical-box, and a kind of harmonium and organ combined—an instrument which could be played upon or which could be worked by a handle; at the other end, in a lovely Moorish recess, was the bed, with marvellous coverlets and pillows, almost too fairy-like for actual use; close to this stood a pedestal with admirable washing appliances, and a constantly-renewed supply of orange-flower water. On the floor lay a kind of mattress for the noonday siesta. In the centre of the room there was a fine Moorish cushion, with an exquisite brass tray upon it, and a silver candlestick, with candle and matches, and a pretty bell. Above the divan the sides of the room were tiled for a couple of feet, and against the walls hung some of the most interesting specimens of firearms, swords, daggers, &c., which I have ever seen. The wooden roof or ceiling was specially beautiful—the groundwork a rich chocolate-brown, two beams sober olive-green, then one dull red, then the fourth light green, the fifth dull red, and so on. The doorway of the room was a fine horseshoe arch, richly tiled, over which three layers of curtains fell, or from which they were looped back, as you chose. The door itself was a good specimen of the

best Moorish woodwork. You passed down one broad easy step into an alcove, twelve feet square, and carpeted with thick rugs. In it stood two chairs and a little table, which always held clear fresh water, olives, nuts, grapes, biscuits, scent, a gem of a bell, and a large bowl of lovely flowers. From this alcove four steps led down to a narrow terrace, which extends from the gate to the bath-room.—P. 179.

Beyond was the garden, richly laid out with flower-beds, and watered by a natural stream; and, further off, the view ranged over "a wide rich valley, with fine hills on either side, to the distant mountains, range rising over range, and with fine outlines, and an ever-changing play of colour which was simply fascinating."

Whatever we may think of bells and matches in a Moslem house, there can be no doubt that the reputed brother-in-law of the great Shereef had fallen on his feet. He passed three days of bliss in this paradise. He dressed for dinner in English black cloth to please his host, and pleased himself by admiring the picturesque attire of the young Shereef and his elder brother, and not least his secretary, who was something of a dandy. Great conversations were carried on between the Moors and their guest, and the young Shereef and his brother proved themselves to be men of intelligence and perception. The Shereef sang songs and played the organ, and then when "one or two saints dropped in" (as Mr. Watson puts it) the great operation of the day began. Slaves approached bearing a teapot and accessories. "The secretary first put in a quantity of green tea, and then filled the pot with loaf-sugar, afterwards letting the boiling water soak through it and fill up the interstices. When the sugar had melted he put a handful of sweet-scented geranium into the pot, and poured the tea into small Venetian-glass tumblers. The custom is to drink it with considerable noise, and to take three tumblers at each brewing." Mr. Watson went on a picnic one of these days, and lived to record that he got through fifteen tumblers of green tea in one wood, without counting coffee; another day he managed three cups of coffee and twelve tumblers of tea; and meanwhile was urged by his hospitable friends to eat beyond his ordinary capabilities of peculiarly rich food "cooked in argan oil," and such dishes as "a kind of ginger-bread floating in eggs, oil, and butter, and a delicious cake of forty-eight diamond-shaped macaroons, each with some kind of jelly inside." It is not recorded whether all the forty-eight disappeared, but enough is told to make it no matter for surprise that Mr. Watson was taken seriously ill on his return journey. The wonder is that he returned at all. During his stay with the Shereef he preserved his health marvellously, and contributed to the amusement of the party by such European novelties as magnesium wire, coloured fires, and the like. One of his presents was a stroke of genius, and had its reward:—

I had with me a number of children's india-rubber squeakers, and I armed each child, the secretary, Souci, all of the servants, and myself, with these, and we soon brought papa [the young Shereef] and all his suite to see whatever was going on, and thoroughly did they all enter into and enjoy the fun. Those squeakers proved quite irresistible. In the night I heard a loud squeal, and slipping out discovered behind a corner a solemn Moor half frightened and half ashamed. He had retired to enjoy his squeak all to himself in private, but had quite forgotten that it would not be a quiet squeak, and was trying in vain to stop it.—P. 246.

Mr. Watson's three days' stay at Wazan is an experience worth relating, and he has given a very good picture of the place and its courteous chief. It is not stated what the young Shereef remarked when he found out, after Mr. Watson's return to Tangier, that he was not the brother-in-law of the great Shereef after all. But probably Mr. Watson would have received much the same courtesy and hospitality without the deception, for which he was not responsible; and one reason for it would have been the fact that he treated the people of all classes as Christians and fellow-countrymen, not as dogs of Turks. One thing, at least, which his unpretending little story might teach, if it has not much else to impart, is the sorely needed lesson of commonly considerate behaviour on the part of travellers *in partibus infidelium*.

THE POET AND THE MUSE.*

IT is not necessarily untrue because it is trite, that the value of a book is not always to be ascertained by the use of a pair of scales. Mr. Pollock's little book presents itself in the form of a pamphlet only. Perhaps with a little attention to what Mr. Carlyle would call the Coarse Arts of book-making, it need not have done so. Most experienced reviewers of minor poetry can remember dozens of volumes of "Musings" and "Evening Rambles," and so forth, which, by dint of stout cloth boards, thick paper, bold type, and plentiful half-titles, have assumed a tolerably portly appearance without containing more matter than the pamphlet before us. In any case, however, *The Poet and the Muse* could hardly rest its case on bulk. But it is, in the first place, a remarkably adventurous and a remarkably successful attempt to give letters of English naturalization to a poet who has, especially of late years, had scant justice done to him in England. And, in the second place, it seems well suited for the purpose of filling a gap which exists at present among us, and which seems to demand that it should be filled. As a version of Alfred de Musset it is very good; as a specimen of English dramatic versification adapted

* *The Poet and the Muse*. Being a Version of Alfred de Musset's "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," and "La Nuit d'Octobre." With an Introduction. By Walter Herries Pollock. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

to the purpose of exercising aspirants to the poetical drama, it is perhaps better still. No one who is at all interested either in matters dramatic or in matters literary is ignorant that there have been lately great searchings of heart for this said poetical drama. We have a few—a very few—writers who can write it; we have a certain number of spectators who would go to see and hear it; but have we actors to act it? The question is rather a ticklish one, and, instead of attempting to answer it directly, perhaps we had better say that, if we are to have actors who are to speak blank verse properly, there must be blank verse by which they can be educated to speak it. Entire plays are practically useless for such a purpose; excerpted scenes are not much better, and have the drawback of being excerpts, and therefore in a manner mutilated; single *tirades* encourage monotonous declamation instead of acting. These versions, the originals of which it need hardly be said often receive stage interpretation in France, seem to be excellently fitted for the purpose, and we scarcely know anything else lately written that is so fitted.

The peculiar dramatic "virtue" of Alfred de Musset is indeed one of the most remarkable things in recent French literature. Not merely did he actually produce dramas which, small as is their scale, are probably the best dramatic compositions of the time, but even his non-dramatic work is saturated with the dramatic spirit. His narrative poetry constantly turns and twists itself into dramatic forms, such, for instance, as the famous and magnificent *tirade* in *Rolla* beginning

Et que nous reste-t-il à nous, les déicides ?

The narrative itself is couched (as in the lines of this very *Nuit d'Octobre*, "C'était, il me souvient . . .") in the consecrated forms of recital employed on the French stage ever since Jodelle and Garnier borrowed them from Euripides and Seneca. Had the temperament and circumstances of the poet been somewhat different, he might have attempted the poetical drama on a great scale, and could hardly have failed to produce masterpieces. For, if he falls short, as he certainly does, of Corneille and Hugo in the great and terrible, he has corresponding advantages. The sense of humour, for instance—necessary perhaps to the tragedian, more even than to the writer of comedies—must be acknowledged not to be the strong point of either of the great dramatists just mentioned; but Musset has it. His evident tendency, too, to break through the fatal stays and padding which had encased the French drama, joined to his extraordinary facility and fluency in half-pedestrian versification, might have had full scope given to it in the romantic drama. This was not to be; but at any rate we have the *Comédies*, and the *Proverbes*, and the *Nuits* to tell us what might have been.

We shall not apologize for keeping Mr. Pollock waiting during this preliminary disquisition, because the importance and interest of his "Specimens of Poetical Dialogue," as we feel rather inclined to call them, are intimately connected therewith. Mr. Pollock has taken the first, the third, and the fourth of the four *Nuits*, omitting the second, the *Nuit de Décembre*. This, as he says justly enough, is cast "in a method entirely different from that of the other three." The fact is that the *Décembre*, though perhaps the most beautiful of the series, is not only not dramatic in form, but is purely poetical, and not in the least dramatic either in conception or execution. Its identity of title with the others can only be regarded as an accident. By way of striking the keynote of the three pieces intelligibly to those who know little of Musset, Mr. Pollock has prefixed a poetical introduction of a couple of pages, which gives a very good "character" of the poet in the seventeenth-century acceptance of the word, and may be said to have something of the features of the Euripidean introductory speech. This is in blank verse, and so are the versions themselves. Mr. Pollock apologizes for this on the ground that he "found he could, to his thinking, catch more of the spirit of the original" in blank verse than in an exact reproduction of the rhymes and of the actual metres of the French. There is little doubt that he is right—at least if the contention which we have advanced, that the *Nuits* are essentially, if not entirely, dramatic in execution as well as in spirit be sustainable. For that blank verse, and blank verse only, is the medium of dramatic writing in English is a question settled long since by the amplest and most patient combination of argument and experience. In French, from the orthoepic peculiarities of the language, blank verse is an impossibility, and more or less varied rhyme is the only alternative to the descent into actual prose. In translating the *Nuits* into blank verse, therefore, Mr. Pollock has sacrificed the accidental letter to the essential spirit. And his blank verse is very good blank verse, as the following specimen will show:—

THE POET.

How dark the valley lies! Methought I saw
A veiled form leave the meadow, and flit forth
Among the trees, and with a lightsome step
Disturb the grass. It was a fantasy
That dream-like passed and vanished into air.

THE MUSE.

Take thy lute, Poet. Night upon the lawn
Rocks in its perfumed veil the zephyr's breath;
The maiden rose shuts on the burnished drone
Drunk with her sweets, and dies upon a kiss.
Silence is lord. Think, Pret, of thy love.
To-night beneath the lime-trees' darkling arms
The dying sun's farewell is passing sweet;
To-night immortal nature brings again
Her dearest perfumes for the whispered love
That waits upon the brides of the spring.

This is not merely of the right dramatic stamp, but it avoids the fault which some writers who have mastered certain of Shakspeare's cadences often fall into—the fault of ringing too few changes. Here is another of a different kind:—

How shouldst thou value life's delights, if thou
Hast never known the pain that is their price?
How shouldst thou love the garden-scented breeze,
The birds' rejoicing anthem, and the arts
That lend a grace to Nature, if through all
Thou didst not hear the echo of past sighs?
The heaven's illimitable harmony,
The silence of the night, the murmuring flood—
How shouldst thou love all these, unless thy pain
Had made thee long for an eternal rest?
What, then, is thy lament? Immortal hope
Should spring in thee from sorrow. Wherefore hate
Thy young experience, or deplore an ill
From which is born thy better, wiser self?
My child, keep pity for that faithless one
Whose beauty caused thy tears—for she it was
Who showed thee Sorrow's road to happiness.
She loved thee; but the Fates had chosen her
To bring thee face to face with life's intent.

A glance at the original of either of these will show that Mr. Pollock has not aimed at anything like a literal rendering; that he has, in his own words, endeavoured to produce "a version rather than a translation." We are not sure that we should not call it a paraphrase rather than a version. In the speech of the *Nuit d'Octobre*, for instance, from which our last specimen is taken, there are in the original seventy-two verses; Mr. Pollock has contented himself with forty. Much of the difference, it is true, may be accounted for by simple, deliberate omission in which we think the translator was fully justified; for in this particular poem there is a certain amount of base metal mingled with the gold. But, even where Mr. Pollock has not actually struck out passages, he has often taken the license of compressing, expanding, and correcting. He has justified himself in so doing by translating faithfully when he chooses, and thereby clearing himself from the charge of incapacity so to translate. For instance, here is the French of the first seven lines of the Muse's speech in our first quotation:—

Poète, prends ton luth; la nuit sur la pelouse
Balance le zéphyr dans son voile odorant.
La rose, vierge encore, se referme jalouse
Sur le frelon nacré qu'elle enivre en mourant.
Ecoute! tout se tait; songe à ta bien-aimée.
Ce soir, sous les tilleuls, à la sombre ramée
Le rayon du couchant laisse un adieu plus doux.

Here the sternest literalist can hardly propose any alteration, except perhaps the substitution of "Listen! all's still," for the loose and somewhat conventional "Silence is lord." Elsewhere the alterations show care rather than indolence, as where Mr. Pollock has substituted "her new-born calf" for Musset's "ses faons sont nouveau-nés," and where he has drawn his pen through "Titarese" and "Oloossone" and the other frippery of the original allusion to Greece in the same poem (the *Nuit de Mai*). We believe, indeed, that the hind does, in rare cases, drop doublets; but Musset is much more likely to have been ignorant of the rule than aware of the exception. But, in his attempt to follow Hugo in loading his verse with sounding proper names, Mr. Pollock has very wisely declined to follow him. Within that circle none can walk without stumbling save the wizard who drew it.

We have said that we are especially glad to welcome this little book as a tribute to the excellence of a poet who has been somewhat ill-treated in England. When Musset lived and wrote, it was chiefly an article of faith with us that there were no French poets, save perhaps Lamartine and Béranger. We have changed all that in the last twenty years; but most of those who have helped to bring the change about have not been well disposed to Musset. They have for the most part been "sealed of the tribe of Hugo," and the tribe of Hugo have never been friendly to the poet for whom others, if not himself, would lay claim to a position alongside of their idol. It is very noteworthy that Mr. Swinburne, whose poetical charity is generally wide, has spoken of Musset, and perhaps of Musset alone among poets of "distinctly high rank, with contempt and injustice. Moreover, if there had not been this personal element in the matter there have been other reasons for depreciation. Musset's Byronism is undeniable, and Byronism has not been popular in England lately. Moreover, the pupil imitates the master not merely in certain silly and irritating affectations of manner, but also in wilful disregard of the niceties of poetical form. His exquisite ear and his admirable lyrical talent save him indeed from Byron's worst faults. But still no expert in French prosody, or in the French poetical lexicon, would attempt to deny that Musset's verse frequently seems limp and shapeless beside the bronze of Hugo and the alabaster of Gautier. Nevertheless, no sound and catholic criticism can attempt or desire to depreciate his merits. Putting aside the extraordinary dramatic faculty of which enough has been said, he had yet qualities enough to furnish forth a poet of any but the very first class. Nothing of the kind excels the throbbing passion of "L'Andalousie" or the half-inarticulate melody of "A Saint-Blaise, à la Zucca." No one, except Heine only, has better mixed playfulness and pathos. Above all, no one has a better right to use his own words:—"Je veux quand on m'a lu qu'on puisse me relire." This is exactly what can be done with Musset. His pages can be turned over night and day with pleasure when the higher and more sculpturesque poetry would

be something of an oppression, and perhaps, though it be blasphemy to say it, something of a bore. With much that is absurd, there is also something that is sound, in M. Taine's famous parallel criticism of Musset and Mr. Tennyson, and the soundness is perhaps best expressed in the concluding words of it—"J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset." We do not lay stress on the comparative, but only on the verb. A certain feeling of affection for the poet and the poetry is unavoidable; and this, if it be not the highest (and it probably is not), is a very high claim to a great poetical position. As a tribute to this position, and an effort to get it recognized in England, these versions deserve a hearty welcome, and worthily complete Mr. Pollock's capital lecture on Musset delivered and published a year or two ago.

ATKINSON'S ART IN GERMANY.*

MR. ATKINSON tells us, in a short preface to his work, that he does not "attempt more than a broad sketch of the varied phases assumed by German art during the present century." He has aimed, he says, not at an exhaustive compilation, but rather at a simple record of his own observations during a period of more than thirty years; and in his book he fulfils consistently the promise thus given. He speaks throughout from personal and careful examination of the things he writes about, and completely avoids the tone of dogmatism which is, and it is to be hoped will remain, the special property of the affected school. Mr. Atkinson tells us what he thinks, but he does not tell us that we are all to think exactly as he does if we do not wish to write ourselves down asses, and though he constantly uses the first person, he uses it simply and naturally. It is possible to disagree with him on many points, as it necessarily must be in the case of a book which covers so much ground; but it is not likely that any one who reads his pages will feel that irritation which a certain class of contemporary writing on art is apt to cause to people who have not thrown in their lot with the lilies and languors of aestheticism.

Mr. Atkinson's opening chapter, or introduction, aims at taking "a general view of the wide and discursive subject, which will be treated in the sequel in detail." His following chapters deal with special localities and with the artists who in each case are associated with them. Each chapter is complete in itself, and instead of seeking some means of making an artificial connexion between them, the author has made it his business in the prefatory chapter to bring "materials somewhat scattered into a collective whole." He traces, that is, the various forms of art which he afterwards describes, to the common origins which observation and reflection have led him to assign to them. He begins by pointing out the fallacy of the argument by which "certain races are tacitly assumed to be æsthetic, and therefore to have given birth to art; and then, again, when certain arts are found to exist, it is inferred that the resident races must be eminently artistic." This, he points out justly enough, amounts to arguing in a circle. It might evidently, Mr. Atkinson continues, "be more to the purpose to consider whether there had not been operative anterior circumstances and causes which made the races what they are; whether, in fact, favouring climate, beauty in outward nature, and ease and luxury of life, had not been, indeed, the primary and generating source of art." In several instances which occur far later on in the book, Mr. Atkinson is, as it seems to us, led away into making somewhat strained applications of this theory, and notably so in the case of the change which he traces in the style of M. Munkacsy; but the main position which he takes up in the chapter from which we quote is certainly sensible and consistent enough. He goes on to say that

the whole question, in fact, of the relation between ethnology and art is beset, as already said, with doubt and difficulty; so fundamental a point, for instance, as whether the collective art of the whole world, civilized and uncivilized, can have come from one source and can claim a common parentage, or whether it sprang from distinct races and was evolved at distant centres, Germany being one, will perhaps never be determined. The inquiry, as before remarked, becomes in Central Europe the more complex and confused because circumstances have formed the races, and the races in turn have determined the circumstances, and neither alone, but both conjoined, have conspired to fashion what is termed the national art.

Mr. Atkinson goes on to give an account of the many and various causes which he thinks have been at work in producing the phases of art with which his volume deals. His views as to this are in some points open to question, and his stay in Germany seems here and there to have affected his style in writing English; but his closing observations on the connexion between pictorial art and literature strike us as being sound and good.

The author's second chapter, headed "The Rise in Rome," deals with the movement begun "some sixty years ago by a small company of German painters, of whom Cornelius and Overbeck were guiding spirits," and with its antecedents and sequel. Mr. Atkinson divides "the German manifestation," as he calls it, into three periods—the first, or classic period, identified with Raphael Mengs, who went to Rome in 1741; the second beginning with the arrival in Rome of Cornelius, Overbeck, and others; and the third beginning about 1830 and coming down to the present day. "This," says the author, "came as a reaction, and even as a revenge, on what had gone before. Cornelius and

Overbeck had flown into the sky; hence the desire was felt for a return to a firm footing on mother earth." Of the German colony at Rome in the time of Overbeck Mr. Atkinson gives an interesting account, and he draws a curious parallel between German and English pre-Raphaelitism. The chapter comes down to the present day, and the chief illustration chosen for it is from Mr. Heilbuth's admirable picture "At the Villa Borghese." The second chapter, headed "Munich," contains, amongst other things, an interesting account of a visit to the late Herr Kaulbach's studio, and deals at considerable length with the system of Herr Piloty, the present Director of the Munich Academy. The author sums up his practice and teaching as follows:—"First, the choice of a subject noble in thought; second, the theme selected to be suited to pictorial treatment." Here, Mr. Atkinson justly observes, is a blow aimed at a mistake which is still too common, despite the teaching of the "Laocoon," that "what is good in poetry must be equally good in painting, whereas the two sister arts come into the world under different conditions. Lastly, the theme having been suitably selected, it remains for the artist, by means of form, by effect of light and shade, and by all possible power of *technique* and *éclat* of colour, to exalt its import to the uttermost." To this Mr. Atkinson adds some remarks upon Herr Piloty's own work, in the course of which he describes the startling effect produced by the diamond in the finger ring of the dead Wallenstein—an effect gained by "the laying on of white in absolute alto-relievo"—but seems to avoid committing himself to any decided opinion as to the value of this method, as employed here and in another picture of which he gives a description. Later on the writer has some remarks which strike us as particularly valuable on a recent development of art fancies, of which he speaks with special reference to Munich, but which is not confined by any means to the Munich school. He quotes from a letter of Mr. Compton's, who says that in 1869, when he first went to Munich, "there was much more of the classicist school in the upper walks of art," and goes on to observe the present preponderance of "technical tricks and pictorial peculiarities" in historic pictures, and the tendency to servile literalism in what are called *genre* pictures. Mr. Compton believes that "the universal recourse to photography by landscape and *genre* artists is at the bottom of a great deal of the heartless realism so much in vogue." Perhaps Mr. Atkinson is a trifle imprudent in quoting, as if it were an undeniable fact, a statement made by his correspondent as to M. Meissonier's and M. Pasini's (mis-spelt Passini's) method of working; but this does not affect the general question of the mania for microscopic pictures which Mr. Atkinson is, to our thinking, right enough in condemning. An instance of the extravagant lengths to which this has gone is given in a letter from another correspondent, Mr. Folingsby, who writes that "nearly all the young artists here paint very small pictures" (to supply the demand created by the passion for Meissoniers), "and to make their work pay, as prices are very low, they generally steal the composition from some old engraving or modern photograph, trusting that it may pass without detection through the difference of handling and colour." One may perhaps allow for the case being a little overstated, but the illustrations which follow are striking and deplorable enough. Mr. Folingsby relates how a clever and distinguished artist in Munich, accustomed to paint on large canvases, satirized the mania for tiny ones by painting and heavily framing a picture exactly the size of a lucifer-match box, which was exhibited, and at once bought by a dealer. This story is, however, surpassed by that of a rich collector in Berlin, who "has sent orders to nearly all the painters of name here in Munich to paint him a picture for the frame which he sends with his order." This frame was one of the silver-gilt buckles formerly worn as hat-bands by the peasants of Bavaria. Comment, as the writer of the letter observes, is needless. This is, of course, only one aspect of the school in connexion with which it happens to be mentioned, and, equally of course, it is not peculiar to one city more than to another. Nor can we quite agree with what seems to be the opinion of Mr. Atkinson's correspondent, that the master is to be held accountable for the excesses of his unsought disciples. "Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile." M. Meissonier, Señor Domingo, and other painters of mark who have shown that they can paint microscopic figures on microscopic canvases and yet retain their breadth and power of touch, are surely not more to blame than are poets, actors, or musicians, whose success is closely associated with their own bent of genius, and whose unwholesome imitators strive to copy the outward peculiarities of their model, but cannot come near the spirit which has given these their only value. Their case is indeed precisely that of the false herald in *Quentin Durward*, and it is perhaps not an unmixed blessing that our present customs prevent their sharing the fate which overtook him.

The Munich School occupies two chapters in Mr. Atkinson's volume, and he gives the two following ones to Düsseldorf, in the course of which he makes a curious reference to "the relation which I conceive exists between the spiritual phases of German art and the teachings of Swedenborg." What Mr. Atkinson advances here is, we think, fantastic, if ingenious, and is perhaps somewhat out of keeping with the generally plain-sailing plan of his work. But it is contained in a few lines only, and is put forward with the same absence of dogmatism or tiresome insistence of which we have already spoken. In the succeeding chapter on Berlin, Mr. Atkinson recurs to a subject which has been dwelt upon in a preceding chapter, that of the "Wasserglas" process for frescoes;

* *The Schools of Modern Art in Germany.* By J. Beavington Atkinson. Author of "An Art Tour to Northern Capitals," &c. With numerous illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

and it may be convenient to take his observations together. In one of his Munich chapters he gives the result of Herr Piloty's experiments in this matter. The Director of the Munich Academy has never painted in fresco, believing *Wasserglas* to be much better, especially as regards permanence; he thinks it will resist all influences of climate, and gives the case of a *Wasserglas* picture at the top of the Munich Academy remaining exposed to all weathers without injury for six years. He himself finds the process easy and agreeable. He does not use the silica on the palette, but mixes his colours with distilled water. When the picture is finished, it is rendered impervious and imperishable by having the "liquid flint" squirted over its surface. Herr Piloty believes that in the case of the Maclise wall-paintings at Westminster too much of this liquid was thrown on, so that, "instead of being absorbed into the cement, it came out as a cloud, which did not reveal, but obscured, Nelson and Wellington." Further, he mentions vaguely certain recent improvements, and "is convinced that a great future is opening for these new processes." At Berlin Mr. Atkinson again found the *Wasserglas* process in use, in rivalry with the older fresco method. He sums up the question at this point by saying, "I have never seen in Germany either in fresco, water-glass, tempera, or encaustic, a picture comparable in quality to a pure and simple Italian fresco of the good old time. Kaulbach's water-glass pictures have proved enduring; I have never detected the slightest traces of decay; and when I saw them the other day the composition first completed was as fresh as the last." The writer goes on to point out the indubitable importance of a close and careful inquiry into the relative merits of the various processes.

Mr. Atkinson's volume covers, as may have been guessed from what we have said of it, a great deal of ground, and it is impossible in a review to follow him over more than a limited amount of it. Its value as a book of reference is enhanced by the index given at the end, and its illustrations have been selected with good and catholic taste.

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.*

MR. PAYN'S fertility of invention and freshness of style are wonderful. There are writers equally industrious, who are coming continually before the public with no very conspicuous deterioration in the quality of their work. But, though occasionally they show sparks of the ancient fire, they have nevertheless settled down to the steady paces of the hack who sets himself seriously to grinding through a regular routine. Everybody knows the style, of course. You can give a shrewd guess at the cast of a plot which repeats itself with slight and immaterial variations, and possibly you admire the practised art with which your old acquaintance makes familiar ideas assume agreeable airs of originality. We are far from asserting that Mr. Payn is invariably equal to himself at his best. This would be asking too much of any man who writes so much and writes so readily. But we always take up one of his novels with the assurance that it will contain light and lively or exciting reading. He understands the judicious use of strong sensation; and, indeed, he seems sometimes inclined to abuse sensation, in the conviction that he can make improbabilities appear plausible to his readers. For he is a man who is well acquainted with the world, and accordingly he avoids those grotesque extravagances which enliven the fictions of Ouida and her imitators. His books must be rapidly written, yet they are always carefully thought out; and, although the piecing together of his incidents may be strained here and there, the workmanship has more than a show of solidity. Sometimes he has a genuinely brilliant conception, as in *By Proxy*, which is decidedly the best of his recent novels; and the same story exhibits that gift of an active imagination which can give shape and realistic colouring to the phantoms he has conjured up. For, while we have no reason to believe that Mr. Payn has ever gone on an exploring expedition in the interior of China, yet in *By Proxy* he has depicted the Celestials and their country with the well-informed confidence of a leisurely traveller. But perhaps what is most pleasing in his books is their sparkle. He is continually making somebody say a good thing, and somebody else tell a capital story, while he has the knack of turning even commonplace sentences in a manner that carries one easily along from incident to incident. So that professional critics have reason to be grateful to a writer who turns what is too often a drudgery into relief and recreation.

As for this story of the *Confidential Agent*, without vying in brilliancy or originality with *By Proxy*, it is nevertheless above the author's average handiwork. It is thrilling enough in all conscience, though it must be confessed that it draws somewhat freely on our credulity. But we can recall very few of Mr. Payn's books in which there are happier sketches of character in more agreeable variety. There is a little household in a modest little suburban residence at No. 7 Cavendish Grove, which, in the judicious blending of its ingredients, has the piquancy of a well-compounded salad. The master is Mr. Durham, affectionately known as "Uncle Stephen," an elderly gentleman of easy means and extensive and very miscellaneous erudition. He can talk on most subjects, and talk well; and the more recondite the subjects, the more he

shines. And, remembering that it is Mr. Payn who is speaking through Mr. Durham's mouth, we are reminded of the stores of promiscuous reading on which the novelist can draw. At home under Uncle Stephen's roof is his nephew, Matthew Helston, the hero of the startling adventure which is to hold us in suspense to the last. Helston is scarcely formed to shine in general society, and he is more likely to go to the wall in the struggle of life than to push his way to position and a fortune. Yet he has genius of a kind, and intense self-conviction of it; and, in spite of his reserve and self-concentration, he is the sort of man to whom we can understand a woman being devotedly attached. The author takes considerable trouble in analysing Helston's temperament, and in bringing out some of the less salient features of his character, with an eye to the trials he is destined to undergo. Subsequently we discern that each of these seemingly trivial touches has its special object, and is intended to explain the different circumstances that deepen the mystery which the novel is to clear up. Helston is a dreamer, a thinker, and an enthusiast; in his obstinate determination to follow the bent of his inclinations he has chosen to quarrel with his bread and butter; and he is possessed with a passion for mechanical invention which even his love for his wife cannot altogether exorcise. Like the abstracted Warner in Lord Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, he has put his whole soul and something more than his spare capital into a marvellous piece of mechanism which is to make the fortune of its master. And having hitherto wasted time, money, and opportunities, and been balked of his most cherished aspirations, and reduced to accept a situation which he considers humiliating, he is naturally embittered. Consequently in his moods of irritation and depression he indulges in language which is remembered to his disadvantage under circumstances of suspicion. Yet, if Matthew Helston had fully realized his domestic blessings, he must have known himself to be one of the most fortunate of men. Mrs. Helston—"Sabey," as she is called in the family—is perfectly charming. Or at least we should have been ready to pronounce her perfect, had it not been for the presence of a sister, who is also a member of Mr. Durham's family. Amy Thurlow, in the sweetness and light of her disposition, sets off her sister's graver, if not more sterling, qualities. Amy earns her bread as a day governess, and so far we are inclined to be prejudiced against her. For we generally suspect the governess of fiction of being strong-minded and something of a feminine prig; showing more than a glimpse of a pair of blue stockings between an aggressively looped-up petticoat and a pair of double-soled walking boots. But Amy Thurlow is nothing of the sort. She is pretty, of course, with a graceful figure; she is thoroughly feminine in every word and thought and gesture; she is ready of wit, and full of playfulness; and yet, as she has afterwards many opportunities of showing, she has extraordinary capacity for action and endurance. We fancy at first that Amy is rather throwing herself away on the young lawyer living next door, to whom she has plighted her hand and troth, and with whom she has arranged to communicate by a code of floral signals. In this private edition of the "Language of Flowers," a rose thrown over the garden-wall is tantamount to asking, "May I drop in to supper?" while keeping the flower, instead of tossing it back again, is the silence that eloquently infers assent. But the shrewd and undemonstrative Mr. Barlow grows upon us as the story develops. He not merely displays the intelligence which should ensure success in his profession, but also shows a generous appreciation of uncongenial character which argues a latent chivalry in his own disposition.

All these good people are set in violent agitation by the incident which turns the paradise of No. 7 into a purgatory, under prolonged tortures of anxiety and suspense. Matthew Helston suddenly disappears, leaving not a trace behind him, or at least nothing but those "clues" which prove delusive to the most experienced detectives. In fact, this reserved, quiet-mannered man had been discharging duties which exposed him periodically to great danger, and which might gravely compromise his character at any time. He is the confidential agent of the great firm of Messrs. Star and Signet, the famous jewellers, and it was his business to have the occasional custody of the diamonds of some of the firm's wealthy clients; for there are ladies, as we learn, like Lady Pargiter of Moor Street, Mayfair, who never can go to bed with easy minds with their precious *parures* in their own repositories. So, when Lady Pargiter came home from fluttering through a round of entertainments, Mr. Matthew Helston was understood to be in waiting to relieve her of her diamonds in exchange for a receipt. These visits were of frequent recurrence; generally they took place towards three o'clock in the morning; and it was not unnatural that the "agent" should become an object of attention to the gangs of watchful confederates who get a living by swindling and robbery. In expectation of an attack which he had always apprehended, Matthew Helston went armed with a revolver; and, by way of further safeguard, was driven by a cabman whom he knew, and believed to be trustworthy. One night Helston actually did disappear, the honest cabman coming back to tell a story which was flatly contradicted by Lady Pargiter, whom it concerned. When a gentleman vanishes with 25,000*l.* worth of jewelry which does not belong to him, the natural inference must be that his honesty has succumbed to temptation. It is one of those cases where *les absents ont toujours tort*, and suspicions gather thickly round Matthew Helston. Damning circumstances, too, conspire to blast his character. A young woman in whom he has been mysteriously and secretly interested is traced to the Continent, in the company

* *A Confidential Agent*. By James Payn, Author of "By Proxy," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

of a man who answers precisely to Helston's description, and has been seen endeavouring to dispose of valuable diamonds which in all respects resemble the missing gems. Even worthy Uncle Stephen, though in distress and self-reproach, is driven over to the side of the majority who have made up their minds as to Helston's guilt. In fact, Helston has but two believers left who refuse to hear a syllable to his disadvantage, and these are his wife, and his loving sister-in-law. That his wife should cling to her firm faith in him in the face of apparently inexorable facts is natural enough; but Amy Thurlow's affectionate trustfulness rises to sublimity. She does not blink the facts that form the chain of circumstantial evidence; she admits their seeming cogency to dispassionate judges; she even sorrowfully does Uncle Stephen the justice of acknowledging that he could hardly help himself in abandoning faith in his nephew. Nevertheless, for her all that evidence goes for nothing when set against her knowledge of the missing man. He is simply incapable of breach of trust and robbery; he could not have the heart to play his wife false; he may be dead, and Amy will always honour his memory; but, if he is alive, he must be confined somewhere in durance. In either case, the elucidation of the truth can only be for the benefit of the missing man, and so she continues with unflinching zeal to animate the amateur and professional detectives. In a trying and highly-wrought scene she breaks with her lover, though feeling all the time that she is wrecking her prospects of happiness. Of course her self-sacrificing constancy has its reward, and the novel ends as happily as it began. But we shall not forestall the interest of the story by telling how and where Helston was discovered; or by clearing up those mysteries attending his disappearance which seemed to blast his character beyond possibility of rehabilitation.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

AMONG the large illustrated books which contain panoramas of foreign countries, *Switzerland; its Scenery and People* (Blackie and Sons, London) seems one of the most commendable. The text is translated and adapted by Mr. Chisholm from the German of Dr. Geell-Fels. The designs, by German artists, represent landscapes, groups of peasantry, street scenes, and historical events. Portraits of eminent natives of Switzerland are also given, and the majority of the drawings are simple in style and carefully engraved. The tinted woodcuts have a livid and unpleasant colour in some cases; but the smaller woodcuts, plainly printed, are almost models of what this kind of work should be. The view of the Federal Council Hall, Bern, is stiff and has the cold, harsh tones of a pictorial advertisement. On the other hand, many of the vignettes of architecture and of mountain forms, with the sketches of the industries and amusements of the Swiss, are accurate, and completely succeed in attaining their modest purpose. The letterpress is replete with information, and the book would be very readable if it were not a "table-book."

The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.) is a very varied miscellany. With pretty taste, the obituary notices of dead artists are called "bundles of rue." Short biographies of living artists are illustrated with portraits, drawn on wood. "Pictures of the year" are criticized, and here we have slight sketches like those in Mr. Blackburn's Catalogues. Mr. Soden Smith contributes papers on a pleasant topic, the "Vicissitudes of Art Treasures." It is always pleasant to read about *trouvailles* of buried gold, and here are pictures of the articles recovered, such as the crown of King Rescesvinthus, found by moonlight in the bed of a Spanish mountain torrent. The story recalls the scene in the *Idyls of the King* where Arthur finds the coronet of diamonds on the skull of a king slain long ago. The crown, with others found in the same hoard, is in the Maison Cluny. There are other interesting papers on Needlework, on the Art of Illuminating, on the Ruskin Museum, and similar topics. The book is full of pleasant reading and respectable engravings.

Mr. Caldecott has chosen this year to adorn the *Song of Siapence* and the old Lancashire *Three Jovial Huntsmen* with his humorous and charming designs (Routledge and Sons). Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the huntsmen as they start in pink from a pink Georgian mansion. They all blow big horns in the avenue; and, in short, are so obstreperous that they never find a fox. They have adventures with scarecrows, children, and young lovers, whom they misconceive in the manner of Don Quixote:—

They hunted and they holl'd, and the first thing they did find,
Was a tatter'd boggart, in a field, and that ye left behind,
Look ye there!
One said it was a boggart, and another he said "Nay;
It's just a go'man farmer, that has gone and lost his way,"
Look ye there!

The *Song of Siapence* is more familiar; and the children, the old labourer, the royal household, the childish King and Queen, the pretty maid, and the gallant grenadier are all drawn with much humour and originality. The prettiest scene represents a boy and a little girl catching blackbirds in a trap on a snowy day.

A readable introduction to Norse mythology is very much needed. Yet *Asgard and the Gods* (Adapted from Wagner by M.

W. Macdowall. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen) is scarcely the book we desire. It is meant for boys and girls, apparently, but the language is too stilted. "According to Germanic intuition, Life and Nature formed the basis of the existence and action of these divinities." What does a child know about "Germanic intuition"? The author cannot tell the good old tales in a plain, straightforward style, but must drag in his moral reflections and the facile commonplaces about "the beneficent god of summer conquering the destructive tempest with his own weapons." There is nothing more tedious than the eternal repetition of these explanations, which we believe to be entirely erroneous. Our knowledge of Norse mythology, of its component parts, and of the processes by which ideas, possibly Christian, got blended with older and even with savage myths, is at present very imperfect. For children, the stories should be told as stories simply, without "oppositions of science, falsely so-called," without the introduction of hypotheses which are beginning to be tried and found wanting. It is only by agile skipping that a boy or girl will get pleasure out of *Asgard and the Gods*.

Men of Mark (Photographed from life by Lock and Whitfield. Sampson Low).—The "Men of Mark" seem to be chosen in a very haphazard fashion; but, such as they are, their portraits are startlingly faithful, though few among them seem to have troubled themselves to make an agreeable impression. Canon Liddon, however, is at his very pleasantest; an amusing recollection at the critical moment has proved too much for Sir Julius Benedict; while Mr. Alma-Tadema is gazing with incredulous horror at something which, could we see it, would doubtless prove to be an introduction of Gothic details into a Roman interior. A careful observer of character will easily read between the lines, and discover from the set of the coat and the way the whiskers are trimmed to whom the admiration of society is dear, and who is content with merely being comfortable. Mr. Browning is far more recognizable than in the fine painting of him now exhibited by Mr. Watts in the Hanover Gallery, and we shall all welcome with pleasure the excellent portrait of Mr. Tom Taylor.

Effin Hollow (F. Scarlett Potter. S.P.O.K.).—The art of the country stands a bad chance when children are brought up on such terrific pictures as are scattered freely through *Effin Hollow*; and of all branches of art the drawing of the figure is in most danger. Animals are sometimes decently drawn, and landscapes are occasionally tolerable; but the unfortunate specimens of humanity have their arms and legs distorted in such a manner as to make them only fit for a Cripples' Home, while the expression of their faces would be considered vacant in an Asylum for Idiots. The unhappy reader is never allowed to forget or ignore these monstrosities, for his attention is constantly being called to them in the letterpress. "In the picture you see a lady who has been caught in a thunderstorm, galloping across a common"—we should have said it was a Burmese jungle. "Look at the picture opposite" is again remarked, and, lacking the strength of mind to divert our eyes, we behold an infant in a cradle which is surrounded by rolling clouds of fire and smoke, like what we generally associate with painted windows and the apotheosis of Elijah. "You may look at Peter's wife in the picture on the preceding page, and see whether she is a person into whose hands you would like to fall." She is not indeed. The story, which is a mixture of childish adventures and talk about beasts, is not much more entertaining than the art.

His Father; or, a Mother's Legacy (S. K. Hocking, F.R.H.S. Warne and Co.).—This book has many peculiarities, among which may be reckoned the title. The hero, Harry Thorne, is the son of a worthless and drunken father, who has deserted him, and on her death-bed his mother begs the boy to look after the parent if they ever meet. This they do in Wales, where Harry is living with his grandfather in peace. He is kidnapped, and made to lead a wandering wretched life for many years, though he never yields to the temptations around him. Then the father has an accident, and Harry takes advantage of this to induce his grandfather to receive them both. In the course of time we are told "all misunderstanding" between Owen Thorne and his father-in-law "had been smoothed away"; which, considering that the former had robbed and twice tried to murder the latter, says a good deal for the old gentleman. Harry becomes an artist; and one day, hanging about his own picture at the Academy—as artists so invariably do in novels, and never in real life—he comes across the object of his early affections, and all are happy for ever after. The illustrations to this book are almost worse than any we have seen yet. In p. 147 there is one called "Harry rescues Douglas," in which a tall boy is standing in a shallow pond, with the water not up to his knees, holding up a yet taller lad. In the letterpress this act is described at much length. We are told that the heroic rescuer "struck out," and contrived to get the drowning boy to the bank, "how he never knew." *Solvitur ambulando*. They walked ashore.

Tim Trumble's Little Mother (C. L. Mateaux. Cassell).—It seems odd that in writing this pretty little story the author should have thought it necessary to interpolate, chapter by chapter, the account of a nest of small birds, which has little or no connexion with the human part of the tale. It lengthens the book in an undesirable way, and distracts the minds of the children. The sentences are often hopelessly long and involved, but we are glad to say that the pictures are a great improvement on most of the illustrations that we have been looking at.

The Fireside Annual (The Rev. C. Bullock. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office) contains an immense deal of varied matter and many portraits of extraordinarily plain old gentlemen.

Miss Giberne's story of "A Nameless Shadow" is the history of a family who, thinking they have a forger for an uncle, ultimately discover that it is their father who is the felon.

Frank Powderhorn (J. Sands. Nelson) was a boy whose soul was set upon colonizing in Buenos Ayres. It is needless to say that he and the rest of the crew were wrecked on the passage thither, but nevertheless get safely to land, where we find them shortly after singing ditties of twenty verses. Much information may be gained as to the country and natural history of the Pampas, where the author tells us that he spent some time. The small illustrations are good, but we cannot say so much for the more pretentious ones.

Gems of National Poetry (Compiled by Mrs. Valentine. Warne and Co.)—This is a well-chosen selection of poems suitable for children, and containing pieces from the less known and more modern poets.

The Eastern Archipelago (Described and illustrated by W. Davenport Adams. Nelson).—Those who are acquainted with the works of Mr. Davenport Adams will know exactly how much he means when he says that his book is "largely indebted to the labours of Wallace and Bickmore."

Familiar Garden Flowers (Figured by Edward Hulme, and described by Shirley Hibberd. Cassell, Petter, and Co.)—The pictures are carefully drawn and generally well coloured; but Mr. Hulme has not always been successful in his red and purple flowers, and his greens are often painfully vivid. The letterpress will be useful to amateur gardeners.

Sunday Reading for Young and Old (Wells, Gardner, and Darton).—The old people who find entertainment in this book must be very simple-minded, but it may please children, though the illustrations will appal any who have the most rudimentary taste for art.

Grandmother's Recollections (Grandmamma Parker. Sonnenschein).—These are very short stories with excellent morals. They may improve small children, but will hardly interest large ones.

Home Words (Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office) contains the usual sort of Sunday reading supposed to be meant for poor people. We should like to know how far this kind of literature is really read and appreciated by the class for whom it is intended. For our part, we should feel shy of reading out these tales in cottages or workhouses, as they have an air of "talking down" about them, and a touch of "I am holier than thou" which the hearers might resent.

Fabled Stories from the Zoo (Albert Alberly. Sonnenschein) are autobiographies of various animals and birds, and are useful as suggesting to children that animals have lives and feelings of their own.

Voyages and Travels of Count Funnibos and Baron Stilkin (W. H. G. Kingston. S.P.C.K.)—In plain words, this is an account of travels in Holland; but it would have been not the worse had the travellers been called by more commonplace names.

Not Quite a Peck of P's (Sator. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) is a mild little tale about two sisters, who, after living in poverty, become affluent through the arrival of their father from Australia. The "P's" are such virtues as piety, prudence, propriety, and the rest. Hence the expression "Mind your p's and q's."

Messrs. Griffith and Farran send us a number of little volumes—the "Tiny Natural History Series"—stories about clever animals, told in easy words and copiously illustrated. These little books will tempt children to read, and teach them, by the awful warning of "Johnny's fall," not to rob the nests of birds, except, of course, birds who build on the ground, where there is no danger that the nest-robber may break his leg.

The Princess Myra is rather a didactic fairy tale, by Mr. Scarlett Potter (S.P.C.K.). It promotes Christian knowledge rather than a sound theory of fairies, who, we regret to say, have no morals at all, and a religion the reverse of theistic. Among the "good folks," Princess Myra had adventures very unlike those of Thomas of Erildoune, and she became serious and contented, whereas he was consumed with longing for the arrival of the mystic white deer that led him back to fairyland. Christian knowledge is an excellent thing in itself, but piety might leave the fairies to their own pagan devices. We seem to have seen the pictures before, and they look like old clichés.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE debts that science and literature owe to the Government at Washington and to the Engineering Department of the Federal War Office are great and well known, if only for the publications that have recorded for the public benefit the various surveys undertaken and carried out with unsparing diligence and marvellous completeness at the national cost. No year has passed in which we have not had to acknowledge more than one such obligation, especially on the part of geographers and geologists, often for researches which hardly could, and certainly which would not, have been undertaken, at any rate for a generation to come, by private persons or even by scientific societies. There is nothing limited or petty in the views of the Federal Government or in the work of its officers; the labours of the latter and the liberality of the former might serve as an example to the most diligent of scientific enthusiasts or the wealthiest of societies. How much both have done for geographical science in general, and for all the studies connected

with geography, only specialists are fully aware. The work immediately before us (1) is a signal specimen of the thorough-going way in which the work is done, and shows how completely the most eager and enthusiastic specialists in the service of the Union can rely on the willingness of their Government to incur any expense necessary to render available to the world at large even the most purely technical of their labours. That the Naval Department at Washington should publish in the completest form, and with every aid that the art of the printer, the photographer, and the engraver could lend to render the researches of the explorer intelligible even to unsentimental readers, all the results of their dredging and sounding expeditions in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere, is only what those who know the usual practice of the American Government would have expected. But even from that Government we should hardly have looked for this elaborate and beautifully illustrated memoir intended only to explain, for the benefit of those engaged in the same pursuits, the methods and instruments employed, the difficulties that have been encountered, and the manner in which they have been overcome. All the details of the machinery, from the sinkers attached to the sounding-lines to the ship herself, her general and special fittings, are not merely explained minutely in the text, which occupies some two hundred quarto pages, but are delineated in innumerable plates and in several beautiful photographs. The book is hardly a contribution even to the general literature of the subject. It tells nothing of the results of the patient dredging and sounding work performed by its author and his comrades or subordinates. That has been done elsewhere. It is far too elaborate and technical to be read by those who are most interested in the discoveries made by such expeditions as those of the *Challenger* and her foreign co-operators. Even specialists care rather for results than for the means by which they have been accomplished, and are satisfied with a comparatively brief and simple account of the latter. This book can interest only those who have been or may be actually concerned in the work, or in fitting out past or future expeditions; and how limited the number of such readers must be it is easy to understand. It is, in vain, we suppose, to hope that for long years to come even the most advanced and most enlightened of European Powers will take a tithe of the pains that America has taken at once to encourage her scientific servants to do their very best, and to render the fruit of their labours and researches useful to others. But at least it behoves us, however shamed we may be by an example so very far ahead of us, worthily to acknowledge it; and if, as we fear, diplomacy takes little care suitably to recognize such international courtesies, it is the more incumbent on the representatives of science and literature to speak of them as they deserve. This must be our excuse, if excuse be needed, for dwelling so often and so fully on the subject.

It so happens that two works on the American stage, of very similar scope and purpose, though widely different in execution and interest, reach us at the same time—the only books of anything like equally ambitious and elaborate character on the subject that we remember to have seen. One (2) records with extreme minuteness, and with a patience on the part of the author that may seem to deserve, but is perhaps hardly likely to receive, equal patience on the part of the reader, all the experiences of an actor and manager in the course of something like forty years. Mr. Ludlow has acted in nearly every part of the United States, has managed theatres in nearly all their principal cities, and necessarily under the most varied conditions, from a barn in Vicksburg to a first-rate theatre in New Orleans, from an embryo wooden structure in a village of wooden huts in the Far West to a building whose magnificence has seemed even to civic pride worthy of the same place when it had become a great commercial emporium. All his experiences, professional and personal, as manager and actor; all his business difficulties; all his encounters with over-ingenious builders, landlords, money-lenders, and rival managers, with over-sensitive and over-exacting actors and actresses, are set forth with a fulness which seems to imply that in the midst of unceasing labours the author must have kept a minute diary with a view to some such publication as the present. Almost any page of this large and closely-printed volume is worth reading and readable; but the whole, unfortunately, is almost beyond the perseverance and diligence of a reader, however deeply interested in the details of theatrical management and in the history of the American stage. Such minuteness of detail, such prolixity of narration, is, as we have often remarked, a common characteristic of American works on special topics. Even actors and actresses must, we should think, find the perusal of Mr. Ludlow's volume somewhat tedious before they have got through a third of his elaborate narrative, interspersed though it is with curious experiences and lively personal criticisms. This cannot be said of Mr. Murdoch's less weighty and less coherent, but much more readable, and, we think, not less instructive work (3). Even of this, however, one

(1) *Deep-Sea Sounding and Dredging: a Description and Discussion of the Methods and Appliances used on board the Survey Steamer "Blake."* By Charles D. Sigbee, Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(2) *Dramatic Life as I Found It.* By N. M. Ludlow, Actor and Manager for Thirty-eight Years. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Stage; or, Recollections of Actors and Acting, from an Experience of Fifty Years: a Series of Dramatic Sketches.* By James E. Murdoch. Philadelphia: Stoddart & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

half might perhaps be cut out with advantage, at least as regards an English public. American readers may possibly take a greater interest in names with which even the most devoted theatre-goers on this side of the Atlantic are unfamiliar. But Mr. Murdoch, who knows the English stage, and has enjoyed opportunities of making in his own country the acquaintance of many leading English performers, devotes almost as much space to them as to his own countrymen; and not a little that he has to tell of the Kembles, the Keans, and the Mathewses, as well as of living celebrities, will be as interesting to the English as to the Transatlantic public. The book is one that can be taken up and laid down, opened at almost any point and closed almost anywhere, read through by instalments and at leisure in the library, or turned over to amuse a few waste minutes on a drawing-room table, with equal, if moderate, enjoyment in either case.

It will be a matter of some little surprise to persons unfamiliar with American law to learn on American authority that the position of the insane, or rather of those alleged to be insane, is worse in the United States than in Great Britain. How dangerously lax is our own law, how completely we owe what few imperfect securities have been introduced into it to recent statutes, all persons familiar with the subject are well aware. On this, as on other points, the older States of the Union have inherited our common law, which, in regard to insanity, hardly deserves the name of law at all, being simply a chaotic collection of decisions and traditions derived from a period of utter ignorance and barbarism. The older States have not, as have many of the newer, codified their system, and it appears that even in Massachusetts there exists no such provision for State control and supervision of private asylums as forms the only check on the most scandalous abuses here. That, under such circumstances, humane and public-spirited men should find it necessary to establish an association for the protection of those whom the worst of human misfortunes has rendered unable to protect themselves will surprise no one. Judging by the terse practical prospectus it has published (4) we should say that the Society just started in Massachusetts for this purpose is likely to proceed in a sensible, prudent, and effective manner, and we wish it all success in its efforts to inform and enlighten the public.

Mr. Oswald has given a somewhat meaningless and affected title to a readable book (5). The scene of his adventures and rambles is one of the least known parts of the semi-civilized world. There is little in the character, however much there may be in the scenery and climate, of inland Mexico and Central America to attract travellers, and there is very much to deter them. The coast country and seaport towns, which are better known to foreigners, and especially to citizens of the United States, are, as the author found, too much infested by malarial disorders, and especially by the worst of all such diseases, yellow-fever, to be safe or agreeable resorts. Few persons choose to remain there except those whom official duty or special commercial opportunities have drawn thither; and those who may chance to visit them in the course of extensive travel are little disposed to prolong their stay, while few of them are adventurous or inquisitive enough to follow Mr. Oswald's course, and take refuge from the pestilential atmosphere and intolerable climate of the lowlands in the mountainous wilds of the interior. Whether the latter are so well worth visiting as the author would fain represent them—still more, whether any traveller will be disposed to imitate his example, and spend months or years there—we may doubt. There is no doubt that a country so little trodden, a people so little known, must afford matter worth writing and reading about. The book might have been made more instructive and not less entertaining with a little more of pains and taste; but, on the whole, it is worthy of the opportunity which the author has enjoyed—a somewhat rare one nowadays—of describing to the public a region and a people almost unknown, and at any rate unfamiliar.

The same cannot be said of Colorado (6), than which no part of the United States has been during the last ten years more often or more fully described. In the previous decade its population had, on the whole, considerably declined, the superficial gold having been in great measure used up, while the deeper mines had hardly been brought into working order. At present the latter have been extensively explored, and are largely and profitably worked. Silver and other minerals contribute very greatly to the wealth of one of the richest of the new States of the Union. Cultivation, especially stock-raising, has been widely spread, and is constantly extending; and the high and dry climate presents attractions to invalids and others which even such alarming reports of lawlessness and crime as, since the publication of this book, have more than once been received from Denver and other cities do not appear seriously to counterbalance.

Mr. Abbott's *Hints for Home Reading* (7), a series of essays

(4) *National Association for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity*. Boston: Tolman & White. 1880.

(5) *Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America*. By F. L. Oswald. Illustrated. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1880.

(6) *Colorado; its Gold and Silver Mines, Farms and Stock Ranges, Health and Pleasure Resorts*. By Frank Fossett. Second Edition. New York: C. G. Crawford. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *Hints for Home Reading: a Series of Chapters on Books and their Use*. By C. Dudley Warner and other Authors. Edited by Lyman Abbott. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

by different writers, are of very various value. One or two chapters are thoroughly sound, substantial, and practical; one, at least, is so much the reverse that we were at first puzzled to know whether its recommendations were or were not to be taken seriously. Perhaps the best in the collection is that which deals with the actual rather than the possible use of literature, pointing out how very small, compared with the enormous multitude of nominal readers, is the circulation of those books which "everybody reads," and suggesting, we fear with too much truth, the inference that nine in ten of those who can, and think they do, read, read little or nothing but the newspapers, and chiefly the worst parts of those. Another sensible critic hardly vindicates the title of his chapter. He fails fully to explain why young people read trash, or at least why they read little else. But he shows what a tremendous provision of trash, always worthless, generally pestilent, and often morally poisonous, is provided for their reading, and, since it presumably pays, must find purchasers by the thousand and the million in American homes. The case is bad enough in this country; in the United States, where parental control is much more limited by fashion and opinion, and does not appear to extend to a careful supervision of the reading even of young ladies, it is, if we may trust Mr. Abbott's statistics, very grave indeed.

Mr. Hopkins's *Comic History of the United States* (8) contains as little material for laughter as most other laboured comedies or farces of the kind. It is very far below even those comic histories of Rome and England which were not the best of the earlier productions of *Punch*.

Mr. Stedman's little sketch of the literary character of *Edgar Allan Poe* (9) is tasteful and sensible, and has the rare merit of brevity. We are not quite sure that its accuracy can be in all respects relied on. Mr. Scudder's *Stories and Romances* (10) will fulfil what seems to be their modest purpose, that of amusing the leisure hours of adult railway travellers. Miss Alden's *Stories and Ballads* (11) may do the same for their junior companions. The lady's prose is better than her verse, but both have at any rate the merit of innocence. The authors' names dispense us from the duty of criticism in an article like the present on Mr. O. W. Holmes's *Iron Gate* (12) and Mr. Longfellow's *Ultima Thule* (13). The same may be said of Mr. Aldrich's *Lyrics and Sonnets* (14), taken from works which have already fixed the writer's position among American poets. Mr. Snider undertakes in two solid volumes, including some nine hundred closely-printed pages, to "unfold the system of the Shakespearian Drama" (15); to show each play as a whole, to group cognate plays into a higher whole, and, finally, to "sum up Shakespeare." An aim so ambitious will, "if successful," as the author says, place him at once at the head of that enormously long list of Shakespearian commentators of which at present, in time at any rate, if not in diligence or elaboration, he is the last.

Mr. Ferris's treatise on Artificial Incubation (16) is interesting to the general public as showing the extent to which poultry farming is being carried in America, and as indicating an extensive and decided, if not general, preference of the artificial to natural incubation.

The Buckeye manual of *Cookery and Housekeeping* (17) has passed beyond the stage at which criticism can be required, at least so far as the public for which it was primarily intended is concerned. But there is very much in American cookery that English housekeepers would do well to borrow; and we know no volume that contains a better account of the peculiarities of Transatlantic cookery, of the merits and materials of hundreds of national dishes with which even travellers make but a limited acquaintance, but which on the whole seem to deserve their popularity, and of the practical expedients by which labour is saved and success secured in Transatlantic kitchens. Such a work is the more likely to be generally useful because American households are for the most part small, economy is nearly always a matter of moment, and service is by no means either cheap or good. On the other hand it may well be that what can be easily and thoroughly accomplished where the mistress of the house superintends the cooking herself is beyond the capacity or the ambition of cooks not personally interested in the results of new and troublesome experiments.

(8) *A Comic History of the United States*. By Livingstone Hopkins. Illustrated by the Author. New York: American Book Exchange. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Edgar Allan Poe*. By E. C. Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Stories and Romances*. By H. E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Stories and Ballads for Young Folks*. By Ellen Tracey Alden. New York: American Book Exchange. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *The Iron Gate; and other Poems*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *Ultima Thule*. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *Thirty-six Lyrics and Twelve Sonnets, from the "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn"*. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(15) *System of Shakespeare's Dramas*. By Denton J. Snider. 2 vols. Vol. I. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *Practical Artificial Incubation*. By J. R. Ferris. Illustrated. Albany: Ferris Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(17) *Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping*. Revised and enlarged. Minneapolis: Buckeye Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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